NEW MASSES

1927

APRIL

25¢

THE NEW NEW MASSES

Something has happened to the NEW MASSES since the last issue went to press. It has died miserably, and gloriously been born again.

This office was a very mournful place when the bookkeeper announced that there were not sufficient funds at hand to print any more issues after the April number. The subsidy from the American Fund for Public Service, according to the original agreement, would be cut almost in half after March 1st, the end of our first fiscal year. It had been supposed that after a year the magazine would find support from other sources. We made appeals to a number of wealthy people who were reputed to be interested in the encouragement of art and literature, supposing that they would be glad to help support a free magazine, untrammeled by commercialism. But, with a few exceptions, those people turned us down. They liked the idea of a free magazine all right, but the NEW MASSES was too free. They liked artistic revolt theoretically, but shrank away from the reality. We were amazed and dumbfounded. We were up against it. The magazine would have to die at the end of its first year!

We called together the editors and artists and writers who have been making this magazine cooperatively, and told them the sad news. But when they learned that the NEW MASSES was dead, they refused to be down-hearted. They were unanimously of the opinion that the NEW MASSES must be reborn—"Even if we all get together and print the magazine ourselves on a single sheet of paper!"—as Bill Gropper put it. "If people with money won't give it, we, who have none, will give our work."

And so it was decided. The NEW MASSES has been paying for contributions. Not much, certainly, compared with what other magazines pay, but even so, the monthly checks sent out for contributions amounted to over $600.00. So these artists and writers, who certainly cannot afford it (some of them scrape along on less than $25 a week), are going to donate $7,200.00 to the NEW MASSES during the coming year in drawings and manuscript. (If those things were bought at the prices paid by other magazines, the value of their gift to the magazine would be nearer $30,000.00.)

AN ADVENTURE

From now on the NEW MASSES will be published more than ever as a cooperative enterprise. It has become an adventure on the part of the writers and artists who make the magazine.

This is an undertaking in which you, Gallant Reader, can take a part. The idealistic writers and artists of the NEW MASSES are donating work in various amounts every month. Some are giving $100, some $50, $25, $10, $5. Match their art with your dollars. Become one of the NEW MASSES ASSOCIATES. Application blank below.

NEW MASSES, 39 Union Square, New York.

I want to join the Adventure of publishing a Free Magazine in America. Please enroll me as a NEW MASSES ASSOCIATE.

I enclose $..... and will pledge to send $..... per month for one year.

Signed .....

Address .....

"GO SHE MUST"

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, the Kansas sage and prophet, was not quite half right when he said, a year ago: "By this time next year the NEW MASSES will be a memory. We give it six months—and costs!" As this, our twelfth issue, goes to press, the NEW MASSES rounds out its first year. It is true, that by all the known rules of magazine making this should be the end, for the money which we needed to keep the magazine going for its second year was not forthcoming. We discovered, when we tried to raise that money, that radicalism, the once popular parlor sport, has gone out of fashion in the salons of our wealthy liberals. Revolution, having become a reality in Russia and in China, has become more menacing and less amusing, so that now even very tolerant and broad-minded and cultured people, you know, consider genuine radicalism in *rawther* bad taste. Frankly, the NEW MASSES hasn't made a very big hit with those people. Even the type of person who supported the old *Masses* and the *Freeman* is inclined to lift eyebrows at us. At any rate, we discovered no revolutionary ardor among wealthy liberals which could be translated into funds for this magazine's support. All of which is the best of reasons why the NEW MASSES should keep right on going.

And Go She Must! That's the decision of the artists and writers. That's the decision of hundreds of readers from all parts of the world who have written us sending what small contributions they could afford. On the opposite page the reader is asked to join this adventure of a free cooperative magazine. Every donation, no matter how little, every subscription, every letter of encouragement will add power to our enterprise.

TWO LETTERS

DEAR NEW MASSES:

At one time it was necessary for me to buy six magazines in the chance that I might find something good in at least one. Since the advent of the NEW MASSES all this is unnecessary. I don't read the other six any more. There is more bread, meat and wine in one issue of the NEW MASSES than a year of the other magazines combined. Good luck! Long life!

M. D. Kershner

DEAR NEW MASSES:

I finish reading the NEW MASSES in three or four days. Why don't you have a thousand pages instead of thirty-two so that we wage slaves won't have to read the daily papers or run to the library?

C. O. Nelson

PRIZE FIGHT

Drawing by Aladjalov

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 2 APRIL, 1927 NUMBER 6

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EDITORS: *Egmont Arens, Hugo Gellert, William Gropper and Michael Gold.*

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BUSINESS STAFF:
Ruth Stout, Manager; Eva Ginn, Advertising Manager.

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Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope.

GRAPHIC 241 PRESS

BARRED BY CANADA

THE Minister of Customs of the Dominion of Canada has notified us that the NEW MASSES will henceforth be denied the privilege of circulation in Canada. We are informed that under the Canadian law the Minister of Excise and Customs has the authority to refuse entry to publications carrying matter of indecent, seditious or sacreligious character, but no further particulars were given. We have written to George H. Taylor, Acting Minister of Customs for detailed information as to why the NEW MASSES was barred. In the meantime, we urge our Canadian subscribers to write letters to the Minister protesting against this high-handed censorship.

BARRED BY NEWARK

JOHN L. SMITH, Prosecutor of the Pleas in Newark, New Jersey, is another chap who doesn't like the NEW MASSES, and who proposes to keep people in Newark who *do* like the NEW MASSES from having it. He told our representative that if it were legally possible, he would keep the magazine out of New Jersey. To make a test case, Ruth Stout, our business manager, advised Mr. Smith that she intended to sell the NEW MASSES at a Scott Nearing lecture.

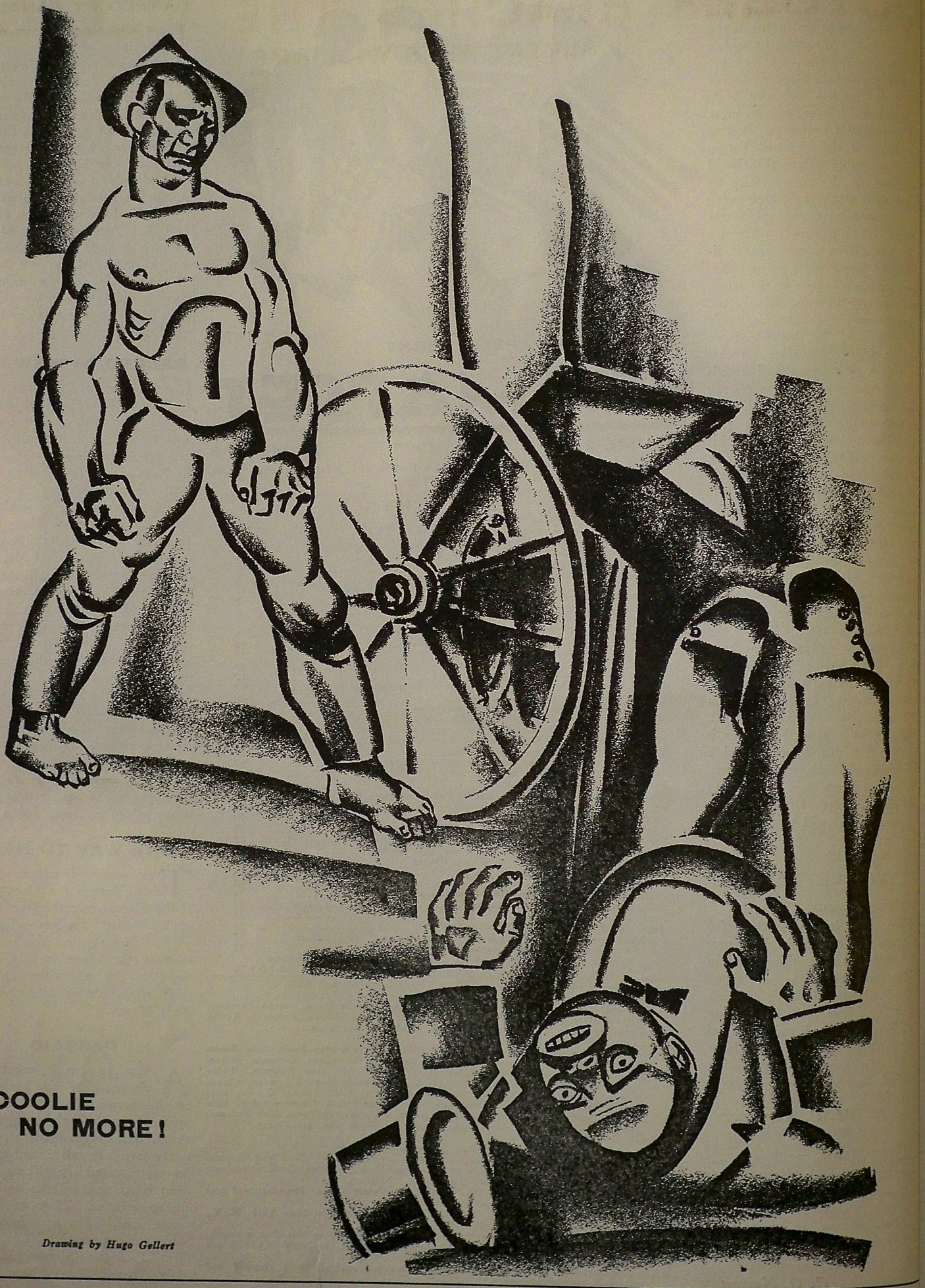
She sold over 100 copies, but no arrest was made. However, we have learned that newsdealers in Newark are intimidated by policemen, and warned against selling the NEW MASSES, and the local wholesaler has cancelled his order "for fear of getting in wrong with the authorities." Newark readers are urged to subscribe, as your Prosecutor of the Pleas will hesitate to go so far in his extra-legal censorship as to tamper with the United States mails.

ONE WAY TO HELP

THE revenue from our advertising helps pay for this magazine. If the advertisers in the NEW MASSES get a response from our readers, they will buy space again. You are urged to read the advertisements and to write to our advertisers regarding their wares, always mentioning the NEW MASSES.

PASSAIC

AFTER 14 heroic months the workers of Passaic have called off their strike. They will continue, inside the mills, their struggle for a union. But only a small percentage so far have been called back to work. Several thousand are still dependent upon relief and will be until they are re-employed. They are in desperate need. They must have help. Send your contribution NOW to the General Relief Committee, 743 Main Avenue, Passaic, New Jersey.



COOLIE NO MORE!

Drawing by Hugo Gellert

OCTOBER REACHES THE VILLAGE

By ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

Blessed is he who visited this world
In moments of its fateful needs;
The highest gods invited him to come,
A guest, with them to sit at feast,
And be a witness of their mighty spectacle.

Tutchev.

I count myself blessed. For together with another American, John Reed, I was an eyewitness of the great events of October, 1917.

Now I am twice blessed. I have seen something as tremendous and thrilling as the beginning of the Revolution. I have been an eyewitness of the march of the Revolution into the villages, into the far off steppes and forests of Russia.

For three years I have been out among the people, riding lumber-rafts down the Pinega, and camel caravans bringing wheat across the frozen Volga, climbing over the mountain roads of the Caucasus, fighting smoke and cockroaches in the black *izbas* of the Archangel forests, swinging a scythe with the mowers of Kostrova, eating out of a common bowl with the peasants of Tver and Tula. I have lived with the Tartars of Crimea and Kazan, the Goddaubers of Vladimir and the Khokhli of Gogol's Dikanka—and now am back after a year in the villages around Kvalinsk.

In these three years I have seen things as wondrous, heart-moving, dramatic as any I saw in the streets of Petrograd, Moscow, Kiev or Vladivostok in 1917-18.

I recall the all-day all-night session of the 2nd Congress of Soviets on November 7th, Smolny roaring like a gigantic factory—the cry of orators, machine guns rumbling across the cement floors, mud-spattered couriers bringing greetings from the trenches, crashing choruses of revolutionary songs, thundering ovation for Lenin emerging from the underground, the steady boom of cannon from the Aurora firing over the Winter Palace—tolling the death of the old order, saluting the new. And as the red dawn breaks in the east the declaration that the Provisional Government is dead, that the Soviets assume the power, assuring the free transfer of lands to the peasants, etc. An unforgetable night!

Now in the villages I have lived through as unforgetable all-day, all-night sessions of the *Mir*. The Soviet hall white with fog from the close packed steaming bodies of the mujiks, the air electric with tensity of feeling—agronoms delivering impassioned addresses, koolaks and poor peasants shaking their fists at each other, big bearded chairmen pounding the gavel for order. And out of this clash of wills and strife of tongues—the resolution declaring the ancient far-field, cross-field and three-field system dead, declaring a six or nine or twelve-field the system for the future.

These decisions record a break with the old grandfather agricultural system of the past as sharp and significant as October was a break with the old political and social system of the past. They mark a new red date in the history of the villages, as November 7th marks a new date in the history of mankind.

That all-night session as Smolny was the precursor of the all-night sessions in Nikolsk, Ivanovka and tens of thousands of villages. The former transferring the land into the hands of the peasant, the latter decreeing the rational use of the land. Each a part of one continuous revolutionary process.

Dramatic comment when Krylenko ended his passionate speech to the armored car battalion in the Mikhailovsky Menage with the cry, "For Kerensky to the right! For the Soviets to the left!" The grey masses of soldiers surging left. The loud shouts of triumph. The chauffeurs climbing into the cars, the explosion of motors and out into the streets lumbered the great steel devils, blue barrels ready to spray bullets into the Counter-Revolution.

This winter I witnessed a spectacle dramatic as that. It was by the Volga, now a great highway macadamized by ice reaching 5000 versts into the heart of the Russian land, and hung with pink and purple mists by the sun rising from the steppe. The frosty air suddenly echoes to a distant rat-tat-tat, like a machine gun. Out on the great ice road sweeping up from the south, appears a black spot. Bigger and louder it grows. It climbs the high bank and swings down through the long row of *izbas*. It is a tractor entering the village. Eyes that never saw an engine grow big with wonder, gazing at the strange clanking, many-wheeled monster. Horses rear on their hind legs, prancing. Old babas cross themselves fervently, murmuring, "It is the Antichrist!"

But it comes as a deliverer. It digs down two *vershoka* deeper than the wooden plow, turning up in broad, black furrows, the loam that for ages never saw the sun, into which the cereals may run deep their moisture-sucking roots. It makes the fields hitherto producing fifty poods, bring forth a hundred and fifty. It thrashes in a day as much grain as the whole family, with the back-breaking flail, thrashed in a month. It draws together (fuses) several households (dvori) into a tractor *artel* teaching them to own and to work collectively.

The thousands of tractors swinging into the villages today are the lineal succession to those armored cars swinging out of the Mikhailovsky Menage in 1917. The latter cleared the way for the former. But no more revolutionary. The one is as organic a part of October as the other—and as thrilling.

Heroes of October! I knew personally a score of these zealots thrown up out of the mass to be its leaders. Volodarsky, who, when I chided him for inhumanely working twenty hours a day, replied: "What of it? Why, I have packed more joy into these three months than a man ordinarily has in all his life." Woskov, off to the front enjoining his wife: "If I am killed, make my boy understand his father died a Communist fighting for the workers." Sockanov, after Czecho-Slovaks had overthrown the Vladivostok Soviet, standing on a high platform, crying: "The Soviets are dead. Long live the Soviets!" Taking a pledge from 10,000 workers with uplifted hands to fight or die for the Revolution.

Neibut, Yanishev, Mchikov, Otkin . . . all men of the rank and file. Flowers of the Revolution. The incarnation of its dynamic spirit. I bow to the memory of these names. For they are all gone now. Killed by typhus, bayonetted by White Guards, clubbed to death in prisons. They are all dead.

But the revolutionary spirit that burned in them is not dead. It passed on to the youth of today — hundreds of whom I have seen like torches flaming in the darkness of the villages. I begin with the last I knew:

Stephanov, the mild-eyed, unassuming Red Armyist now on the ring route that runs out from Khvalinsk with the post, bringing Moscow a month nearer to the snowbound villages in the hinterland. Into the village his sled sweeps with jangling bells calling everybody to the Soviet. Shaking the snow from his *tooloop*, he plunges into the crowd, shouting greetings in Chuvash, Mordvian, Tartar, distributing letters and money from the peasants working in the towns, taking subscriptions for the peasant paper, hearing complaints—answering questions—when he can't, writing them down in a book and on the next trip bringing the answers back from the volost centre. Raging blizzards, thermometer 30 degrees below freezing, hungry wolf-packs, his child dies, but he never misses a trip, never loses patience and good humor. A marvel of pluck and endurance, realizing the *smichka* with the village.

Popov, the little *feldsher* in the Archangel woods, all day dealing with fractures, hysteria, fevers, in a province as big as a European kingdom. Now a smallpox epidemic, long lines of bare-armed lumbermen pour into his log cabin where he stands late into the night scruffing

JOHN REED

What difference does it make
Whether a few bricks have fallen off the Coliseum
Or another bolt has chipped the brow of the Jungfrau?
What difference does it make whether you are alive or dead,
So long as you stand like these, Jack?

Yesterday we were drinking wine together and cracking nuts with our teeth
You and Billy Chatoff and Bob Minor and Max and Bill Haywood and I;
Today—or is it tonight?—you are playing cards and testing the edge of newly forged blades
With Benvenuto and Cirano and Salvator Rosa,
While Francois Villon is filling the glasses, wishing hard that you would ask him to read his new *Ballade des Copains du Beau Temps Jadis.*
You are all right, Jack, wherever you are, with a steady and and goodly company,
And we are gladder and stronger because you went away so splendidly.
There will be hardier seeds and mightier metals in the soil of Russia
Now that you are there.

Arturo Giovannitti

away the skin with a lancet, laying in the antitoxin.

Rodeonov and Kobilev, with clenched fists before a portrait of Marx, dedicating themselves to Communism; dragging a sledge from *izba* to *izba* gathering gifts of rye, potatoes and cabbages for a Red Corner; entering the Keli (posadilki) all-night girls' parties to drive out the drinking and hooliganism with games and reading and revolutionary songs . . . Serious, but not taking themselves too seriously, winning their way with laughter and song.

But why prolong the list? Anyone who knows the villages can fill pages with stories of these red izbaches, selkors, teachers and agronoms. At once dreamers and hard workers, idealists and stern realists. No drums or banners to cheer them, but fighting against the dead weight of tradition, against customs entrenched for centuries—as valorously as the youth of 1917, fought against the Counter-Revolution and the armies of the imperialists.

But so few!

Scarcely a village without one at least, and in most villages from two to twenty. For every one who raised the revolutionary torch on the barricades of October, there are fifty today carrying that torch flaming into the steppes and forests and far-off places of the Soviet Union.

That hectic night in November with the alarm that Kerensky and the wild division was moving up on Petrograd. The factory whistles shrieking the tocsin to war. Out of the shops and slums march long lines of slanting bayonets, women with rifles, boys with picks and spades. Freezing slush oozes into their shoes, winds from the Baltic chill their bones. But in their veins burns a crusading fire and they push on to the front. They plunge forward into the black copse against hidden foes. They stand up to the charging Cossacks and tear them from their horses. Into the ears of their dying comrades they whisper, "Peace is coming! Power is ours!" Magnificent the rise of the poor and exploited with arms in their hands fighting for power and winning it.

Now in the villages a sight not less magnificent—the poor and exploited using the power that was won.

One sees the poor mujik, one time serf of the landlord, plowing with his own horses the land he once ploughed for the landlord, reaping for himself the fields he once reaped for another.

One sees illiterates with joy-illumined faces making the once all-so-mysterious books yield up their secrets to them. "The Tsar only wanted us to plow and pay taxes. He but bandages on our eyes. The Soviet took them off and now we can see!"

One sees the *batrak* now rising to self-esteem, a member of a union writing contracts. This is from a *batrak's* letter to me: "In the old days when we came to the *koolak* for work, we had to kneel with caps off and often got only a kick. If he said 'come tomorrow!' we thought it great luck. If he lent me one pood of rye we had to pay him two. Then we were the blackbone and we didn't dare open our mouths to the whitebone. Now we can speak to anyone and go anywhere into any hall or building. So I say the Revolution has pulled us poor peasants and *batraks* out of the grave. We are just born anew and we know it."

To see the *batrak* rising to the consciousness that he has a government of his own; the poor peasant rising in economic status; the illiterate rising with pens in their hands—is that less impressive than to see the masses in 1917 rising with guns in their hands? Only the hopelessly childish will think so. Only the romantic will fail to see the Revolution in the processes now at work in the villages.

It is still October. Only with new implements and new strategy, to meet the new situation. Then, thrusting guns into the hands of the masses; now, books and papers. Then, enlisting the masses into regiments and Red Guards; now, in cooperatives and unions and machine *artels*. Then working with armored cars; now with tractors. Then with the soviets chiefly as political forums; now as organs of economic reconstruction. Then with the slogan, "Take over the land!" now, "Organize the land! Plow it deep!" Then destroying the old order; now building the new society. Then initiating the revolution; now deepening, widening, extending, consolidating it, everywhere.

Everywhere! That is what makes the experience of these three years so impressive. The astounding universality of the new phenomena. I have not entered a mountain *aoul* or Cossack *stantsis* or a forest hamlet, or straggle of houses on a far off river without feeling the pulse of the Revolution. In the "deafest" village, in the furtherest flung outpost on the distant frontiers, it is at work.

"Stop!" says someone, "what about the blots on the Revolution? The other side of the village!"

Well, in these three years, I have seen that, too! Samogon makers, the blue smoke curling up from their stills in the forests of Vladimir and half the village rolling, singing drunk in honor of the Saint (the Altar holiday). Tumble-down schoolhouses—so cold that the ink freezes in the bottle, so rundown that the blackboards have become whiteboards on which the teacher writes with charcoal instead of chalk. Sabotaging *koolaks*—while the Soviet secretary goes tapping windows telling the mujiks to come to election, they follow behind whispering to the mujiks not to come, no use in coming, nobody is coming. Murderous *koolaks*—out of the bushes at night, like wolves, leaping on the village correspondent who had exposed them. Wily mujiks—loud in cursing taxes and high prices and city products, but silent, never a word, about doubling and tripling their holdings in land. Renegade ex-Communists—who fought gloriously against bandits and hunger, but like Alexander of Macedon, having conquered the world, unable to conquer themselves—now succumbing to drink and trading. Superstition-stricken babas, with spells and conjurations seeking for their lost cows, and the cure of all diseases from toothache to Siberian swell.

All these evils I have seen in the villages.

But did I not see similar evils in the glorious blood-stirring gusty days of 1917?

Did I not see soldiers breaking into the wine cellars and lying dead drunk all over the streets of Petrograd? Trade unions declaring for Kerensky. Commissar careerists mouthing the shibboleths of the Revolution and bent on nothing but bribes and plunder. Peasants whose sole idea of the Revolution was to loot and burn the landlord's estates. Workmen whose sole contribution to the Revolution was to loaf and spit sunflower seeds on the pavement or peddle rubbers, cigarettes and gewgaws. Masses of the unconscious enlisting under the banners of the Counter-Revolution.

But despite these evils and handicaps and despite the faint-hearted

THE RED AND YELLOW PERIL

THE CHINESE are capturing China. Every day's news is more and more ominous. The Nationalists are advancing steadily, organizing decent government as they go, kicking out crooked tax collectors and spreading Bolshevism. And now that they have actually taken Shanghai, what will the British merchants and the Standard Oil Company, and Singer Sewing Machine and the missionaries and the American ladies of easy virtue do?

England is thoroughly aroused over the seriousness of the situation and is eager to spring to arms—all except those who would have to do the actual personal springing. British diplomats are doing everything in their power to preserve peace. Can war be far behind?

America is not yet awake to this grave peril. Coolidge sits and twiddles all his thumbs. Kellogg is shivering and shaking about Doheny's and Mellon's oil properties in Mexico. Nothing can arouse us to the red and yellow peril except a first class disaster.

The crying need of the hour is atrocities. Up to this time the Chinese have been backward about furnishing atrocities, being a backward people. They may have atrocitied each other a little but there is no kick in that; it lacks reader interest. We must do better than that—Christians, missionaries, women. Especially women. No war can be a success without sex appeal. We must mobilize our dirtiest fiction writers and our smuttiest dramatists for this noble work.

The rest will follow in due course—liberty loan drives, holler-a-year men, four minute eggs, gasless Sundays, heatless Mondays, meatless Tuesdays, shapely girls in khaki knickers, canning, hooverizing, raiding laundries and Chop Suey joints. It is too early for that now but we may as well begin saving tin foil and peach seeds.

We shall need a slogan, too. "Make the world safe for the white race?" No, that brings up unpleasant memories; we bit on that one once. How about, "Gentlemen prefer Blondes?"

Sooner or later England, France, Italy, Japan and the United States will be allied and associated in a noble brotherhood to save China from the Chinks and pick each other's pockets. It is a fact known to all Nordics that ten thousand regular he-men wearing pants and machine guns can lick all the rat-eating Chinks in the world in time for next Sunday's papers. This will give us an ideal war—easy to start and hard to stop.

When it is all over, the British will have the trade, the Japanese a slice of territory, and the United States will have a lot of handsome I.O.U.'s worth thirty cents a bale in any junk shop.

Howard Brubaker

who quailed before them, October was the most stupendous elemental social revolution of the masses in the history of the world.

And today, despite all the glaring evils and shortcomings and despite the shortsighted who throw up their hands in despair, October continues to be the most powerful creative force in the world, inspiring the masses, educating, disciplining, transforming, socializing, revolutionizing them.

One who cannot see the evils rampant in the villages today, cannot see the five fingers on his own hand. But one who sees only these things, or sees them large or significantly, cannot see beyond his own hand. He is blind. In Russia there are many such. Many Communists even.

In some, this blindness comes from fatigue, their energies so sapped by overwork that the vision is dulled, blurred. Their attraction focuses on the evil that confronts them — drunkenness, bribery, bureaucracy—and like a cataract on the eye, it blots out everything else.

In others this blindness is due to that negative trait in the Russian character—a gloomy delight in being pessimistic on general principle. In their determination not to be accused of looking through rose-colored glasses, many writers put on black glasses, see only the dark and dismal in the villages and call it realism.

But primarily, it seems to me, many workers inside the Soviet Union are blind to the great achievements of the Revolution because they are too close to it. They cannot see the forest on account of the trees. It is not an accident that the labor delegations produce such enthusiastic reports. It is not because they are naive or misguided. It is because fresh from the outside, free from harassing cares and petty details, they see the Revolution more objectively. They see it in proper perspective.

Without perspective the greatest picture in the world is meaningless. Standing close to the canvas one sees only daubs of paint on coarse cloth. Any square foot of it in itself may be ugly, inane. But stand off a bit, and the jarring parts resolve themselves together into a unified whole, into a wonderful picture, inspiring the spectator with awe, wonder and enthusiasm.

So with the picture spread on this stupendous canvas, the Soviet Union, covering one sixth the surface of the earth. One must stand back a bit to comprehend the tremendous sweep and reach of the Revolution. One must have perspective to grasp the monumental achievements it has wrought in a decade — from the standpoint of history, in the twinkling of an eye.

Drawing by William Siegel

FASTER, HEADSMAN, FASTER!

Millions of poor and oppressed rising up in knowledge and power into the consciousness that they have a government of their own. Millions of superstition-stricken mediaeval minds becoming modern and rational, beginning to think scientifically and collectively. Millions in *artels*, in cooperatives and communes, learning to own and to work collectively. Millions of the toil-driven beginning to lay their burdens on the iron shoulders of the machine.

Any of these achievements is tremendous in itself. Together they blend into a gigantic spectacle of advancing and triumphing Revolution. October using new implements and strategy, but October with the old spirit busy at the task of building up Socialism in the Soviet Union and in the world.

SHOOTING GOSPEL

Sister Aimee asperses crap-shooting and card-playing on the ground that the participants in those amusements use different language from that heard in the churches. She recites a list of phrases which she uses freely in evangelical work which, she laments, are unknown to gamblers and other consorts of the devil.

Can you imagine a game of dice that would meet the approval of the eminent gospel-shooter? The conversation would be something like this:

"Shoot four bits, so help me God."

"You're faded, big boy, and may the Lord watch over us."

"Look at that seven! Isn't Jesus precious."

"Do your stuff, dice, and the Holy Spirit be with you."

"Get hot, bones, God is love."

"Shoot the dollar, by the Grace of Heaven."

"Snake eyes! Washed in the blood of the lamb."

"Shootin' for six, Oh, Holy Virgin Mary."

"Made my point, blessed be the Savior."

"Big dick from Boston, let us pray."

"Give me the dice. The Lord is my shepherd."

"Eleven it is. Glory to God."

"Hit again! My soul is full of hope."

"Broke the gang. Amen."

Leonard Gregory

IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE

By KENNETH FEARING

One thousand people stand in line while the flashlights blaze. They are taking pictures of us, a record-breaking crowd. Above us towers the Paramount building, a monument to the moving picture industry. "A monument. Why, are the movies dead?" No, quite the reverse; the cinema has put forth its finest flower. The line moves forward and disappears around the block.

MOTHER, MEET THE SWEETEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

Inside, we have all the exquisite appointments of all the homes not owned, but often dreamed of, by the thousand clerks, shop-girls, taxi-drivers, college professors, pimps and poets who have been waiting for admission. It is our home. My footman bows and indicates the stairs to the main-floor balcony. You look at the hundreds of pictures framed in heavy gold that make your chateau complete. We walk on our heavy carpets and are blinded by the brilliance of our own mammoth cut-glass chandelier. . . . That girl looks at her fountain in the middle of the stairs, splashing and gurgling.

HAROLD STUYVESANT, JR., SCION OF AN ARISTOCRATIC FAMILY. HE LOVES THE CIRCUS GIRL, WHOSE PARENTAGE IS A MYSTERY.

Sit down and listen to that organ, the best in the world, shake the Paramount building. You are now Harold Stuyvesant, Jr., the scion of an aristocratic family, and you love the circus girl.

FATHER, HOW CAN YOU JUDGE THE GIRL I LOVE BEFORE YOU HAVE EVEN MET HER. SON, YOU MUST GIVE UP THIS VULGAR CREATURE. I HAVE AMBITIOUS PLANS FOR YOUR FUTURE. FATHER, I WILL NOT GIVE UP THE GIRL I LOVE. THEN I WILL DISOWN YOU. FATHER, I WILL NOT GIVE UP THE GIRL I LOVE EVEN THOUGH SHE BE BUT A GIRL OF THE COMMON PEOPLE, JUST LIKE YOU BIMBOES OUT THERE IN THE AUDIENCE.

We are now Harold Stuyvesant, Jr., scion of an aristocratic family. Look at our wonderful home on the screen. That's our home. But we give it up for the girl we love. Gladly!

COULD I LOVE YOUR SON MORE, SIR, WAS I A MEMBER OF THE UPPER CLASSES?

We are now Gladys Jones, circus-girl, and our parentage is a mystery. God damn the old man, he is a sour apple anyway. But wait! Just wait, you big stiff! That girl is the daughter of your own wife and you don't know it yet!!

COULD LOVE STAND THIS POVERTY? JUST THEN HAROLD CAME IN THE DOOR AND SAW HER IN ANOTHER MAN'S ARMS. HOW WAS HE TO UNDERSTAND IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE AND SHE WAS REALLY SO LOYAL AND TRUE AND LOVING TO HAROLD ONLY? . .

We are in the Paramount theatre, a monument to the moving picture industry. The best! What genius has written and produced this superfeature? What genius or god has been able to guess the rotten cheapness in our souls, to guess it accurately that unknowingly we built this monument to its ab rottenness?

LOOK AT ME. I—I AM YOUR MOTHER!

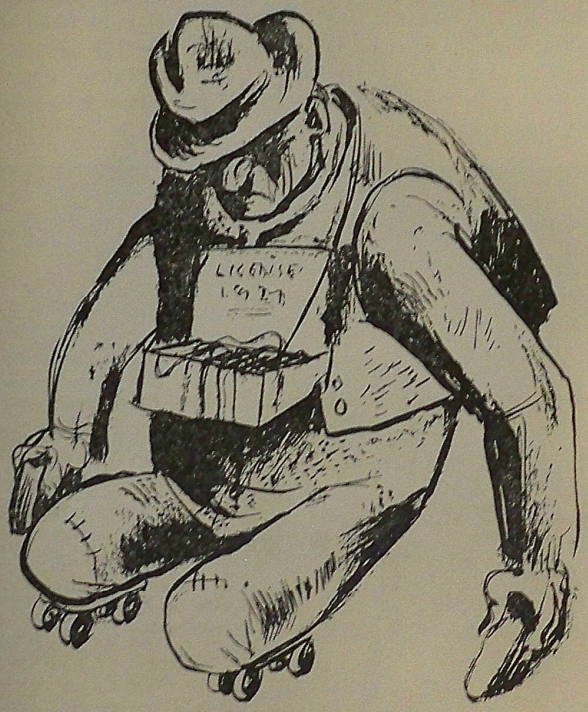
It toins out she is de goils mu I suspected as much. Oi, hev I it dis pitcher somevere before turns out she is the girls mother. After all, the girl daughter, it turns out. So we have to give up our swell hon turns out she is the girl's m

Drawing by I

"Twenty-three cents iss the most I giff." "All right, murder me. It's alretty a rotten life."

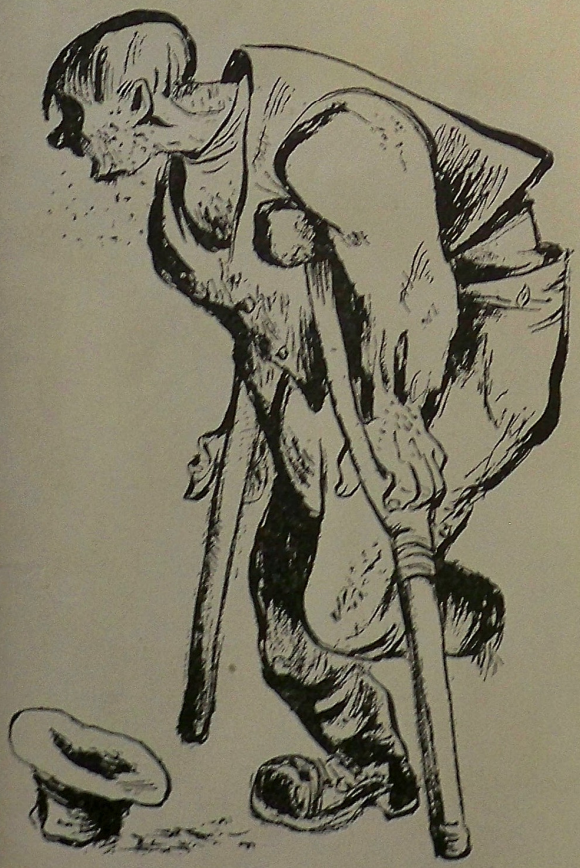
JOIN THE MAROONS—

By WILLIAM GROPPER



"LEARN A TRADE"

"SEE THE WORLD"



"STEADY EMPLOYMENT"

"DEVELOP PHYSICALLY"

THE DESERT & THE CITY

I AM PLAYING solitaire in a log cabin by the Rio Dolores. Outside the door is a river bottom hay-field, a burning yellow patch in the sunlight. On the other side of the river the red canon wall juts five hundred feet toward the sky. Above are sagebrush flats and long white rims of sandstone, and through a cleft the snow peaks of the La Salles, far away in Utah.

I know there are these things but I can't see them because my glasses have been broken for weeks and I am waiting for a new pair from Kansas City. We are prospecting for radium ore eighty miles from the railroad in an isolated part of the rimrock desert of southwestern Colorado. Communication with the world of opticians is infrequent.

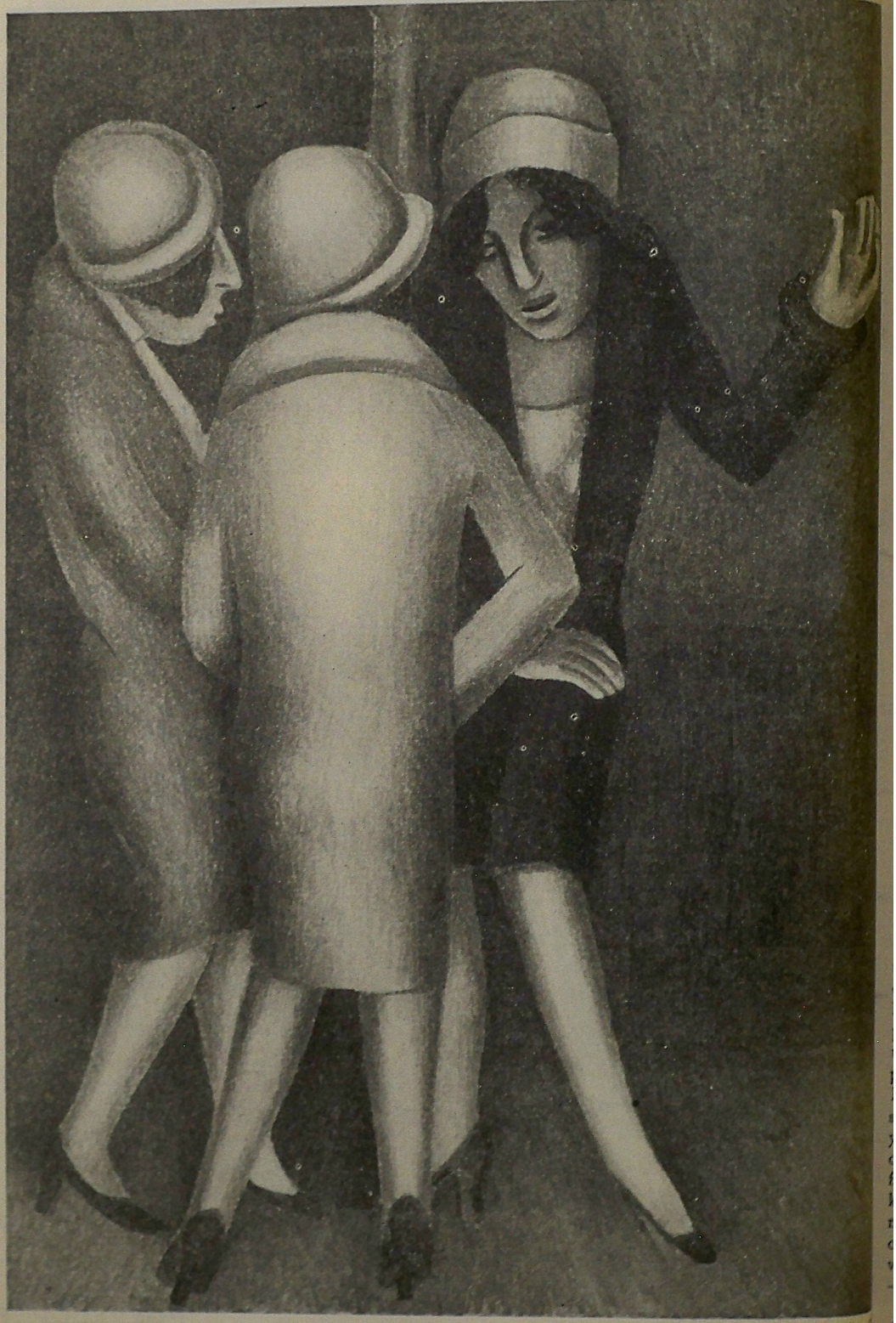
At my "gambling" I hear "Old Martin" in the next room crawling on the floor and scratching between the boards for cigarette butts. He is frantic for want of a good smoke. It's fortunate he runs low now and then,—otherwise the floor would be knee-high with his butts. He lies in bed all day smoking, never going out except to fish for an hour or two. Martin is an old prospector who boasts he has worked for wages only four days in eleven years.

Through the door patters "Old Brave," Louie the Swede's cow-dog and my closest companion. I see he is crestfallen over something, and as he shoves against me I feel wet mud around his ears. I remember that half an hour ago I pointed out a bullhead catfish to him in the cattle tank where Martin puts his fish to keep them fresh. Being a cow-dog, Brave thought I wanted him to catch the bullhead and had been frantically stirring up the mud in the tank all this time. I apologize profusely to him for our misunderstanding.

Jack Terry, from his cave under the Mc-Elmo rim calls on us and wants to know where we cached that half-box of dynamite when we finished location work on our two claims near his camp. "A little way beyond the place where the trail comes up out of Summit Canon," I tell him, "there's a big boulder on the right side of the trail and the powder is under the other side of it."

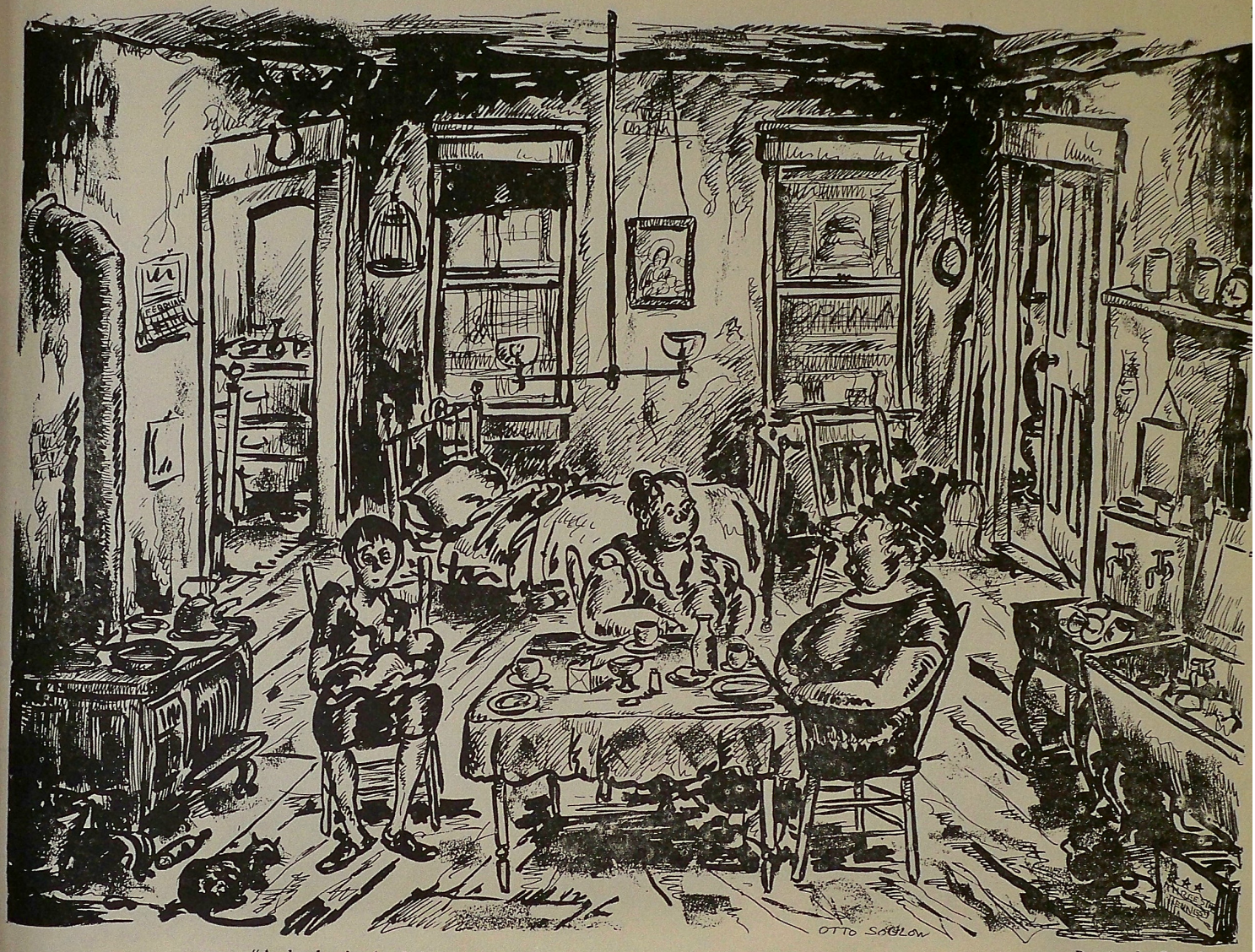
Old Martin, with a cigarette natched together of cast-off fragments is back in bed. I hear him swearing at the truck driver who is due with our supplies and then the desert is silent except for the music of the Rio Dolores, "River of Sorrows." At dusk Louie returns from looking over his few head of cattle up in Disappointment. He rides his crazy saddle-horse Baldy, who can and does go faster sideways or backward than straight ahead. Two young dogs follow him; our Brave is getting too rheumatic to swim the river twice a day, though Louie takes him along when he needs expert help, and lets the old dog sit on the saddle with him when they ford.

We eat some fresh beef, a tender steak, and sour-dough biscuits. We go to bed early because we have run out of candles. In the dark, Old Martin plays a few tunes on his harmonica among them *Turkey in the Straw*. Getting to bed is easy; I merely take off my overalls and shoes. The murmur of the river soothes me to sleep. For a moment I am disturbed by the mountain rats trying to manoeuver the cover off our sour-dough can; but it has a heavy double-hammer on it, so our hot cakes are safe. The moon is out full over the cliff, there seems to be no worry the world, no train to catch, no clock to go off, no work to do we want to work. And ten do will last three men a month for and potatoes and a little bacon; we have fresh beef and vegeta and what more could a man Next year I'll buy me a new of overalls and some more Why are those mice who race a under my bed in such a hell



Drawing by Rufus

"So he says to me, he says, 'whadda you think this is a rest cure?' he says."
"Can you beat that? The nerve of 'im!"



"And who is the baby's father?" "Sure, I think it must be the iceman. It's short weight."

Drawing by Otto Soglow

hurry? It's so easy to get by in the desert, isn't it?

II

The Ford Plant—Kearney, New Jersey. I've got a job; six bucks a day; and I hate it. Hurry up! I'm a number! 2907! Crowded street cars in the morning! stand in line at the time clock! hurry all day! final assembly! the cars move on a conveyor! I race to get my job done before it passes a given point! Now there's another car to work on! Hurry up! I sneeze and must hustle to catch up! I work with another slave! He pushes bolts through the dash! I put on nuts and clamps! tighten them! lock them! carry my tools! a platform to stand on! the front axle holds it and pushes it along! the same thing all day! bell rings! wash your hands in gasoline! leave the cock open to let the oil run out on the floor! run for the clock! cattle don't know what a stampede looks like! A man on the street car is goosey—the others torment him—whiskey and woman talk all day, in the street car —everywhere!

In the evening I cross on the ferry. High buildings, many lighted windows, and my collar hurts my neck. At the door of the theatre, the ticket taker looks at me. I have heard no one is allowed in a Broadway theatre without a collar. I have one on; I know that too damn well; why does he look at me that way?

I'd like to quit my job but I'm getting scared. I saw the bums in the breadline. Every morning as I go into the factory there's a line of men waiting for a job; hoping for Mr. Ford's mercy. I'm glad no one from the desert sees me working here, Louie or Martin or Brave. Not so long ago, in the mornings, the old cow-dog and I would start off leisurely to fish; how excited he got when the cork bobbed up and down. I'm glad he's still in the rimrocks—I couldn't take him along on the street car and he couldn't get through the Ford gate—"No Dogs Allowed"; how lucky dogs are. I'm glad he'll never lose his freedom the way I've lost mine—temporarily. I could explain to Martin why I work in that final assembly; the money, I need the six berries, but Brave, if he ever saw me there and came over, and I didn't have time to stop and talk, and the others were crowding around, ten men working on one car at once, why he'd never understand. No, a good dog like Brave could never be taught that men are machines.

I glance along the conveyor! men are running back and forth from piles of material to the moving chasses! one puts on a radiator! another a complete wheel! another a nut! another tightens it! they hurry from the same spot to the same spot with the same number of steps each time! My boss is a moving chain—the machine is master of the man!

There's some money in the bank so I quit. I sleep late mornings and try to forget that I'll have to go back to the job. But I worry. Ten dollars lasts a long time in the rimrocks, but it goes quickly here; more than ten times as fast. Is this life worth ten times as much? I talk to my friend Emanuel. "Why don't you go back to the rims?" he says. I think a moment. "Most of the old prospectors I knew there are dead or gone," I tell him. "That's all right —make new friends—I can," he says.

Why don't I go back—sometimes I wonder myself. I like the people of the city but I am meaner and sorer every day, jealous of people who have money. And my collar hurts.

Why don't I go back? Maybe the truth is I can't any more. I used to boast sometimes that the people of the rimrocks had no use for locked doors. But now I remember that before I left, padlocks had appeared on the cabins of a new big development company that came to crowd us out. Padlocks and progress, if it is progress, seem to go together. Those other prospectors and I went far to escape from machines and wages; but we fought our last fight in the rimrocks and lost; the Standard Chemical now owns the claims we discovered.

No, there's no escape from the closing trap. Big business, modern machinery, the wage system, are extending to the farthest canon. The city and the desert are alike in this, that liberty is being lost to both, and creative work and leisure remain only to the powerful few. There seems to be no direction in which a workingman may travel to find freedom, any longer. Maybe the only real pleasure that remains to him is to stand in some one place and fight for his class freedom. That's what I'm doing, but often I wish I were back in the desert, with old Brave, the free dog.

Dwight Morgan

ATTABOY!

Drawing by Reginald Marsh

"My friensh, we are a peashful people, but when American property is threatened we shall arish in our glorioush young manhood and lay our livesh on the altar of our country."

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

A MANIFESTO—BY HENRI BARBUSSE

Translated by Mary Reed

First of all, let us ask: Where are we?

We are living through an age of tremendous material progress, yet it is also one of decay. Art and literature reflect this decay. . . . We find it in exploitation *a l'americaine*, in the usurpation by commercial interests not only of the written word, but of the other means of artistic expression—the theatre, the music-hall, the moving-picture and the radio.

In the midst of all this, we can distinguish more or less isolated attempts at revaluation and renovation, but they usually take the form of satire, and are satisfied with provoking scandal. Some of these attempts, emanating from young authors of great ability and talent, are not without significance; they serve the purpose of discrediting ancient rules and outworn formulae. But up to the present time they have been concerned chiefly with form, and have dealt merely with the problem of revising methods of expression—the shell of words, so to speak.

The intellectual world is going through a stage of uncertainty, of fumbling around, of restlessness. This restlessness is an organic reaction, the pangs of approaching death. . . . A change is coming. Let him ignore it who will.

The principles of Marxism enable us to straighten out the disorder of our transition stage, to get at its causes and to recognize that it is the result of a perfectly logical sequence of events. This same doctrine enables us to realize the role and the importance of ideology in rallying together a substantial number of the restless spirits of today. . . .

Art, and in a general way speech and writing, are instruments of creation, huge tools in the hands of men. A new art, therefore, presupposes as its basis a new setting, consistent with historic evolution. But it is false to assert, as is so often done, that there is nothing to do, so long as the new order is not yet established. Thought precedes. It clarifies, and brings conviction. . . . But recognition of realities lies in obeying them, not in twisting them to fit formulae or ideas. To collective life and its ideal expression we apply the excellent inscription of the stoics concerning the divinity: "I do not obey God, I agree with him." . . .

Individual & Social Man

We must enter into the sphere of the group.

Everything is pushing us in that direction. Economic and historic destiny is assigning to the collective group an increasingly important role, definitely identifying it with the future.

But it is not merely a question of adaptation to urgent and growing social demands.

In this direction there is a progress, a growing understanding; a constant process of creation is apparent which cannot be attributed to the fruitless campaign of individualism, —the eternal concentration on personal problems. This drift toward mass-creativeness ought to point the way for men whose hearts and minds are filled with desire to accomplish something historically important.

It is in terms, then, of the relationship of men to each other that we must learn to think today. . .

The Two International Organizations

The coordination and centralization of capitalism have by now reached tremendous proportions as a result of industrial progress, the perfecting of mechanical equipment, the development of industrial enterprises, and through the concentration of private fortunes and undertakings —small companies absorbed by larger ones, and these in turn swallowed up by the biggest. This evolution has placed the sovereignty of the world in the hands of the Americans, the only wealthy people. Having attained an extremely high degree of absorption at home, they are setting out to colonize all that is colonizable on this globe. The New York Stock Exchange has become the centre of attraction and direction, of convergence and divergence of the world's activities, the pivot of the great machine that keeps everything in motion. So, in America we find the true picture of capitalism: material progress, vast wealth on a pedestal—and atrophied thought.

Against the organization of exploiters stands the organization of the exploited. Proletariat vs. capital. Revolution vs. counter-revolution.

These are the two fundamental currents, deep and active.

All movements, all tendencies which have their followers or are simply latent in the minds of the contemporary world are related either directly or indirectly to one of these two cross currents.

There is no doubt that the struggle is as yet very unequal. Except in Russia, the live forces are on the side of capitalism, established institutions, laws, and the powers of the State. We are, moreover, witnessing the development of Fascism, extreme reaction of reaction.

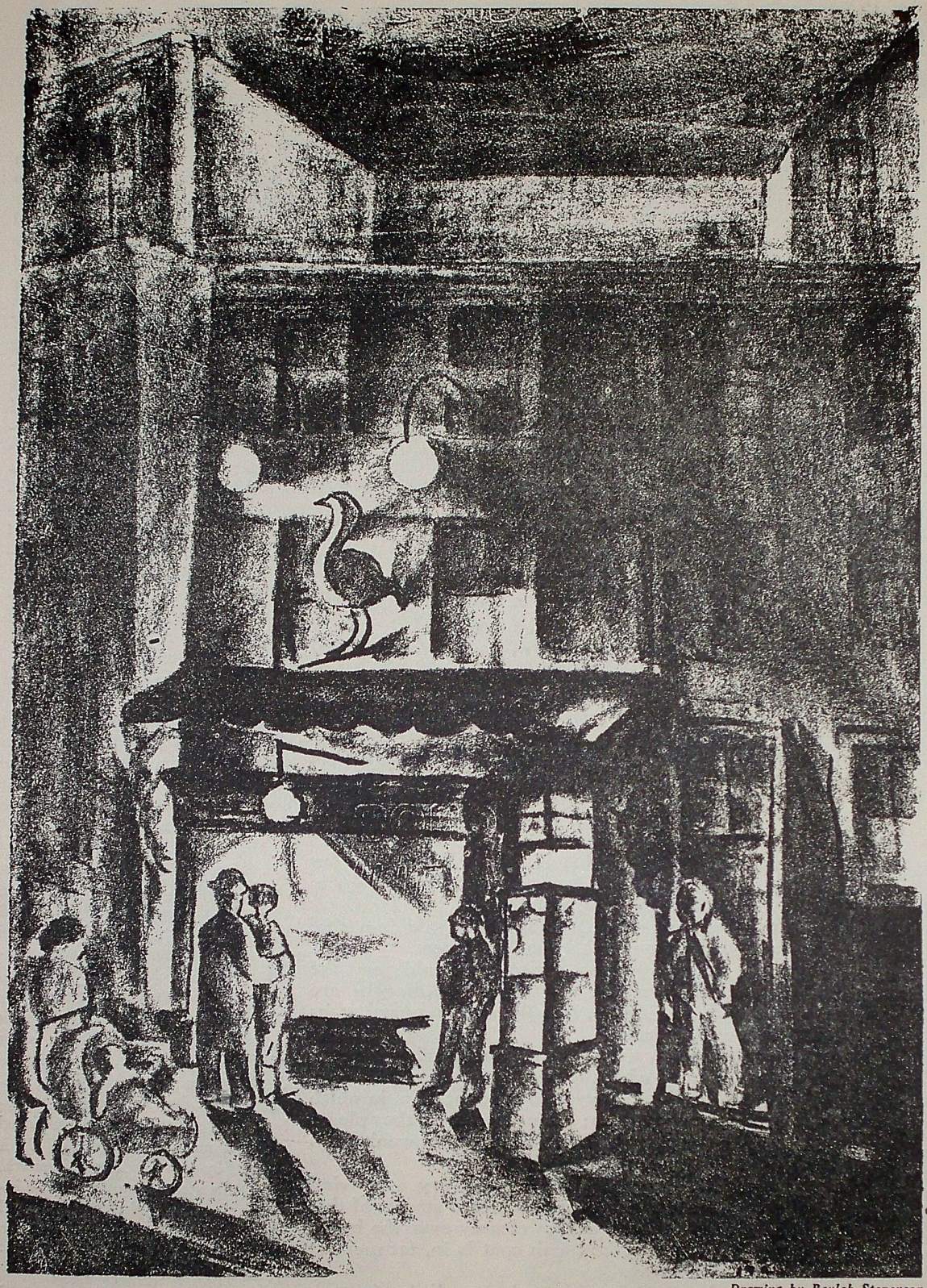
The trump card of the exploited is not their own power, which is as yet insufficiently coherent, but rather the disastrous results of the ruling system of individual enrichment—namely, human suffering. The established order is no longer workable. It is doomed by its very excess of growth, and by its actual absurdity, made increasingly patent by the artificial means which have enabled it to exist up to the present time—namely, violence and deception.

For, in addition to the organized methods of coercion employed by capitalist imperialism, its power is dependent upon a complete system of ideological propaganda. It has all the facilities of widespread publicity, secular traditions, and the age-old habituation of the masses to inveterate slavery. By utilizing, for demagogic ends, the fear of anything new and unknown, by ridiculing the ideas and acts of its opponents, this great parasitic system has so far succeeded in obtaining for itself the approval of the great majority of men.

LET FAT MEN, IN PLUSH COATS, DO AS THEY PLEASE A LITTLE

Cold, cold in the world,
And winds doing their damndest and coldest.
The world is now cold, and a fat man in a plush, heavy coat, thinks of destiny or something; thinks of this in a too warm, smoky, ugly, rich room; and he also thinks of himself as a boy; and also, 'fore God, of what the doctor told him that afternoon.
And the wind does whistle; does it though; and it does, does roar, and water slowly, yet not so slowly, freezes, becomes hard, is cold, and clean and hard.
The fat man muses; fat men muse, you know, and 'fore God, how that wind roars.
Hands are clapped; fingers are blown on; breath comes out white; men and women run about near their shadows in night-streets, under a smiling, cold, clean, far moon.
Does that man worry about what the doctor told him that afternoon; does he though; he does and does.
Meanwhile, moon is wintry, most wintry and cold; and the winds are something awful; do they blow, though; are they cold, though; is it cold, though; it is January at its worst, damndest, coldest.
Tomorrow the fat man in the plush coat will arise wearily, come to think soon of what the doctor told him this afternoon; he will go to the factory he owns; fat men, in plush coats, it is recognized, do this; let fat men do as they please a little even if they are hell out of luck, or aren't they, though.
My, though, how, that clean, great, strange, very cold wind runs about; it runs about all the dark, cold streets of that city; and the moon smiles, coldly, cleanly over the house that worried, fat man in the plush coat is in, fat men, in plush coats, are this way.
Let fat men, in plush coats, do as they please a little; fat men who own factories, and who, somehow, go to them every morning (or is it every morning?).
Even though, presumably, they are hell out of luck.
What would existence be without rich, fat men, in plush coats; do you know?
Hell, yes, let fat men do as they please a little;
Even though winds roar and whistle mightily in nights in January, and are strange and great, and very cold, and are plainly, plainly in existence, too.
You can't get away from cold, cold winds, and fat, fat men, in plush coats; and you can't get away from seeing them and putting them together;
Together, together.

Eli Siegel.



Drawing by Beulah Stevenson

PILLOW SHOP

This ideology of oppression is extremely varied and has many forms, at times avowed, at others masked and disguised.

By the cultivation of an illusion which tends to make "what is" appear to be "what is normal," and thanks to all kinds of scholasticism and dialectic which justify and contribute to the preservation of the *status quo*, most people, I repeat, are at present supporters of the order of privilege and parasitism.

And it must be said, once and for all, that pacifists and moralists who dream of perfecting human nature, who idolize love and kindness, are allies of the old order. By introducing their utopias into the realistic social struggle, they misrepresent the actual situation, they divert attention and energy, they stand in the way of investigation into the causes of social ills (which is the only honest way of combating them) and sidetrack any interest in practical methods of disciplined organization, and in positive victories. They are, whether they wish it or not, on the side of the conservatives.

And the same thing is true in the last analysis of the "democrats," the republicans, radicals, radical-socialists, and even of the socialists.

The champions of halfway measures, temporary palliatives, provisional remedies, class collaboration and "gradual" progress within the limits of the absurd institutions already in existence fail to see that all these theories are mere illusions and decoys. . . .

However much they may be divided theoretically, their intrinsic blessed union is restored like magic as soon as it is a question of waging war against the real revolutionists. This is the actual truth that must open our eyes.

Let us never forget that for the capitalist organization the task is merely to maintain what exists; the revolutionary opposition is faced with the problem of destroying what exists and replacing it. It is easy to understand how discordant elements can cooperate in a work of conservation (even the indifferent and neutral ones, that form the ballast), but it is a very different matter for those who are carrying out a fundamental revolution. In this connection, two often quoted evangelic precepts are much to the point. The conservatives may say: "He who is not against me is with me." But the revolutionists must say: "He who is not with me is against me." . . .

Our Program

There is no time to be lost in subtle discussion, nor in working out fine points. We must rid ourselves of all mythology.

Our duty, the duty of all intellectuals, writers, artists and workers in liberal professions is to purge suffering humanity of centuries of accumulated sophistry and all these absurd misconceptions which have been forced down its throat. We must awaken the exploited masses to what is happening, with a rude shock.

On what common basis can we attempt to weld together the intellectual groups which will be equal to the task of preparing for the new day? The basis of unity will not be any political program,—but rather three great and broad principles of action, namely:

1. To bring together the manual workers and the intellectual workers. The latter are themselves exploited, bound into misery, or forced to beg for a living and maintain a servile attitude towards the powerful and rich.

2. To struggle against the reactionary and archaic propaganda of bourgeois ideology and culture.

3. To stimulate and assist in introducing a collective art. . . .

These are the three points on which an international grouping and unity must be attained. These major principles can be adjusted to existing conditions, and through them the future opens before us.

MONDAY AFTERNOON

It was one of those villages which are dropped at intervals along state highways. Rising obliquely from the road, the fir-edged hills broke the sky for miles, piling from dark green into a faint grey blue. Below the highway were a few intervals of shacks, intercepted by a railroad track, then the river, outlined here and there with the long funnels and slanting sheds of sawmills.

Down towards the end of the village, one could step from the street onto the front porch of a dwelling, which rose to meet the situation from a hole in the ground, necessitated by the building of the road. Here, sunflowers and a small patch of neglected garden; chicken coop, hanging fence; the sky grey; occasionally the long metallic crow of a rooster changed the place suddenly into a world detached and empty, like a dream of futility.

She stood at the back door with the youngest on her hip. Washing hung stretched from pole to pole. She began gathering it with one arm. In her vision the river-edged intervals of bank and the sheds and funnels of the saw mill intercepted here and there the slow progress of a boat.

Lena worked in a restaurant up the way. Lena didn't marry. She walked up and down between the tables of the town eating-house—among men lumbering noisily over their plates; men large handed, rough, quickening as the waitress passed; watching her arms—full, reaching over them; warm poundings of her breast—so close—sensing her body smell among all the stale, hot smells of food. Lena wasn't going to be honied into washing and cooking and rearing a house full of brats for any big hulk of a man. Not enough in it. Take Bill here,—now he's a good sort—knows how to treat a woman over night—so does Gus—but live with them right along, have a kid or so, and the spark just fades out of 'em. Get more from a man that doesn't own you.

The sawmill whistle sounded sharply into the back yards and kitchens; two or three fowl, suddenly anxious, raised a melancholy response—dogs barked—a renewed energy intangibly present, paused between the late afternoon somnolence and the emerging twilight. Pots boiling, steam rising and filling the kitchen, the table set, firmly established the mood of supper—and Lena's sister stood at the doorway jogging the child on her hip and looking down the path—

The moon hung between those two smoke stacks last night. The wind came quiet, rustling the leaves and moonlight white upon the housetops—and I sat and could not turn when he called me—what all this was about I did not know, and what if we only ate and slept and had children—and nothing else; and what if I should go and do like Lena—what then? It would be nice—and the wind came over me from all the world and I shivered. He called me again and I went to him, he being so warm and big that I was rather glad but a little bit afraid like I always am for a minute. And then he did not tell me anything or love me any more, but went to sleep and I wanting to ask him about it—then I thought I would ask Lena. Baby cried and I jiggled his crib; I thought how I had jiggled the other two—one maybe will be like Lena, one like me, and this one like him—and I thought why make us all over again. How funny they look when they're little—sometimes they look so far into you and they know maybe all about it—

He came up the steps and went past her to the sink.

"Now don't splash water all over the floor!"

"Well, who's hurtin' the floor?" He splashed and wiped.

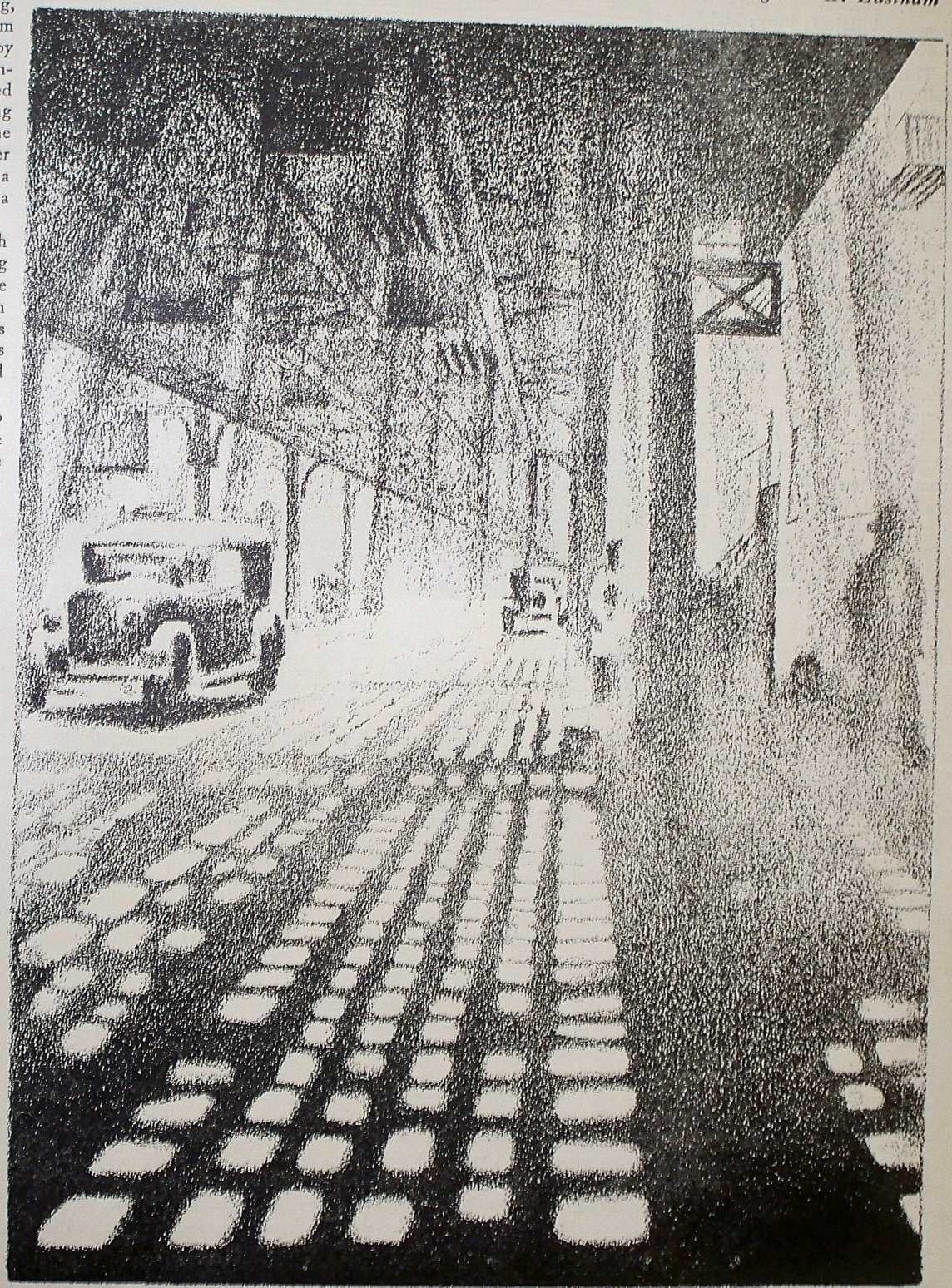
"I'm hungry."

She put the dishes on the table.

"What's new? Seen anybody I know?" she asked.

"Seen Lena, comin' home. She was standin' on the steps to that new rooming house a-kickin' up her heels and flirtin' with two men." He snickered.

A fly buzzed drowsily about the food. The clatter of knives and forks proceeded from many kitchens in the village. *K. Eastham*



Drawing by Louis Lozowick

CHECKER BOARD

THE RED NECKLACE

SURROUNDING Paris like a blood-red necklace on the white neck of a woman is "*Le Banlieu Rouge*," the Red suburbs, squalid, thickly populated factory communities inhabited by workingmen. For almost the last half-century these villages have been radical, and most of them are now Communist, or Left Socialist with Communist minorities. The most important are St. Denis, population 80,000; Ivry, 50,000; Clichy, 50,000; Bobigny; Villetraneuse; Villejuif; Vitry; Malakoff; and Belleville.

These radical communities, especially the Communist ones, are not only radical in theory, but in practice. Their mayors are radical, so are their counsellors and employes. The red flag of the worker takes the place of the blue, white and red of France in their city halls, and announcements of meetings to aid Soviet Russia are placed on the official bulletin boards side by side with the state announcements calling young conscripts to the colors. The official town bulletins have been turned into radical propaganda leaflets.

They are hindered in their work by the central government, since the Department of the Seine, in which most of these workers' communities are located, is in a practical state of siege, and the local Prefect of Police, appointed from Paris, has what amounts to veto power over the action of the local governments, and their choice of employes. One of the latest moves of the central government has been to forbid the reading and distributing of the classic French Declaration of the Rights of Man, analogous to our own Declaration of Independence.

Regiments of soldiers, for the most part Colonial troops, Chinese (Annamite) and Negroes, are kept in, and near, the Communist communities, and the communities themselves are heavily taxed to keep up the police who check their efforts to rule themselves. This state of siege is obviously due to the fear of revolution these Red suburbs arouse in the government. They are not radicals merely content with singing *l'Internationale* and holding noisy meetings, but grimly go about the work of organizing a solid and unbreakable army of workingmen ready for revolution. These suburbs are the shock troops of French communism.

Ivry is the oldest, and perhaps best organized, of these communist "villes ouvrieres," workingmen's villages.

It has a population of 50,000, employed in factories in the village. With one or two exceptions, the factories are unsanitary, dark, and dangerous to the health of the workingman. The sanitary conditions hark back to mediaeval times. The houses are generally six stories high, with only *one* open toilet in each, generally on the second floor or in the yard, a condition which would not be tolerated in an American stable.

Drawing by Art Gunn

ALONE AT LAST

"Oh! I ain't so bad off these days—just this brat and meself to take care of now. I buried Lena you know—not enough food the doctor said! Hazel is down in the hospital. She got clubbed in that paper box strike. The old man is in jail for making some damn-fool speech about freedom at the workers' meeting. And Bill went and JOINED THE MARINES!"

There is no running water in the houses at all. The nearest water is generally the street pump that supplies about four square blocks of houses.

Typhus and malaria are epidemic in the village *all the time*. The hygiene service supposed to be furnished by the factories is a dead letter. People die young in Ivry, whole families cooped up in two-room apartments, one room of which is the kitchen, without heat, with broken windows, without water. Between ten and sixteen is a favorite dying age!

Six hundred francs a month ($24) is a good salary, unemployment is common, and at the present writing, growing. Rents take at least a quarter of the money—and for the rest, living in France is only twenty per cent behind the rest of the world.

In the daytime the streets of Ivry are deserted, everybody is at work. After the obligatory school age of thirteen, children get into some factory—if they are lucky enough to find work—and earn as much as ten francs (forty cents), a day, *after* they have learned some trade! Women, all of whom work, earn about a hundred francs a week—if they are good workers. The families live on such a narrow margin that if one person is sick or out of work they have to cut out the rent to live.

The mayor of the town, George Marrane, who has tried to better conditions, has ben denounced as a "red." His "red" actions have consisted in attempts to get sanitary conditions in dwellings and factories such as would be taken for granted in any American factory village. He tried to enforce *existing* laws, but was stopped by the Prefect of police! Under Marrane's leadership the city is building a model apartment house, which is nearing completion, and has finished a park, a "lavoire," where the housewives take the family wash, an athletic park, and has cleaned up several of the streets.

The government promised to give them enough money to finish a group of model apartment houses if they raised enough for one, 1,200,000 francs (about $50,000). In spite of its poverty the city raised that money—but the state backed out. Now they are finishing the one house.

The "model" part of the house consists in its having running water and central heating system. When asked for the bathrooms the workingmen engaged in the building laughed so loud I thought the building would fall. The workingmen don't even dare to dream of such an innovation!

Help to pregnant women, to nursing women; to children; meeting and athletic and dancing gathering theatrical productions; lessons in Esperanto; education to show the workingman his connection with others of his class all over the world; these are some of the things the city is doing, hindered at every step by the Prefect of Police and the central government.

The inside of the city hall, the mayor's office, and the meeting rooms are decorated with red flags, and pictures of Lenin, Trotsky, and Juares. The symbolical bust of France is wrapped in red silk.

There is a horrible neatness and cleanness on the streets, even though sewage seeps in the gutter every once in a while. It is the neatness and cleanness of starvation. Out of the pitiful salaries, all the municipal employes, and many of the citizens give from ten to twenty per cent to the city. After working hours, the workingmen come to the city hall to decide what to do with *their* city. Unhealthy, deadly with chemical fumes from the factories and disease germs—Ivry is their city, and they run it.

These men and women are under no delusions; they expect no immediate miracles. They are ready to face generations of fighting and struggling against an implacable enemy, an enemy that has no code, no scruples, to intervene before another fight takes place. In Ivry, and in other cities like it around Paris, and in France, is being bred a stern Spartan generation, implacable in hate of its enemy, steadily and intelligently working for that enemy's downfall. While waiting for the coming struggle, they ask for running water and sanitary toilets, and when they are denied conditions which even a slave should have to good work, they set their jaws and say nothing.

On a high flag pole in Ivry there flies a black flag—it was red before the atmosphere, which out-Pittsburghs Pittsburgh, changed its color to black. Some day, in Ivry, they want a red flag to fly in the same place and remain red!

"*Le Banlieu Rouge*," the black red necklace, St. Denis, Ivry, Clichy, Bobigny, Villetraneuse, Villejuif, Vitry, Malakoff, Belleville. . . . One day this red loop will tighten over the beautiful white throat of Paris.

Hyperion Le Bres

GEORGE GROSZ—UP OUT OF DADA

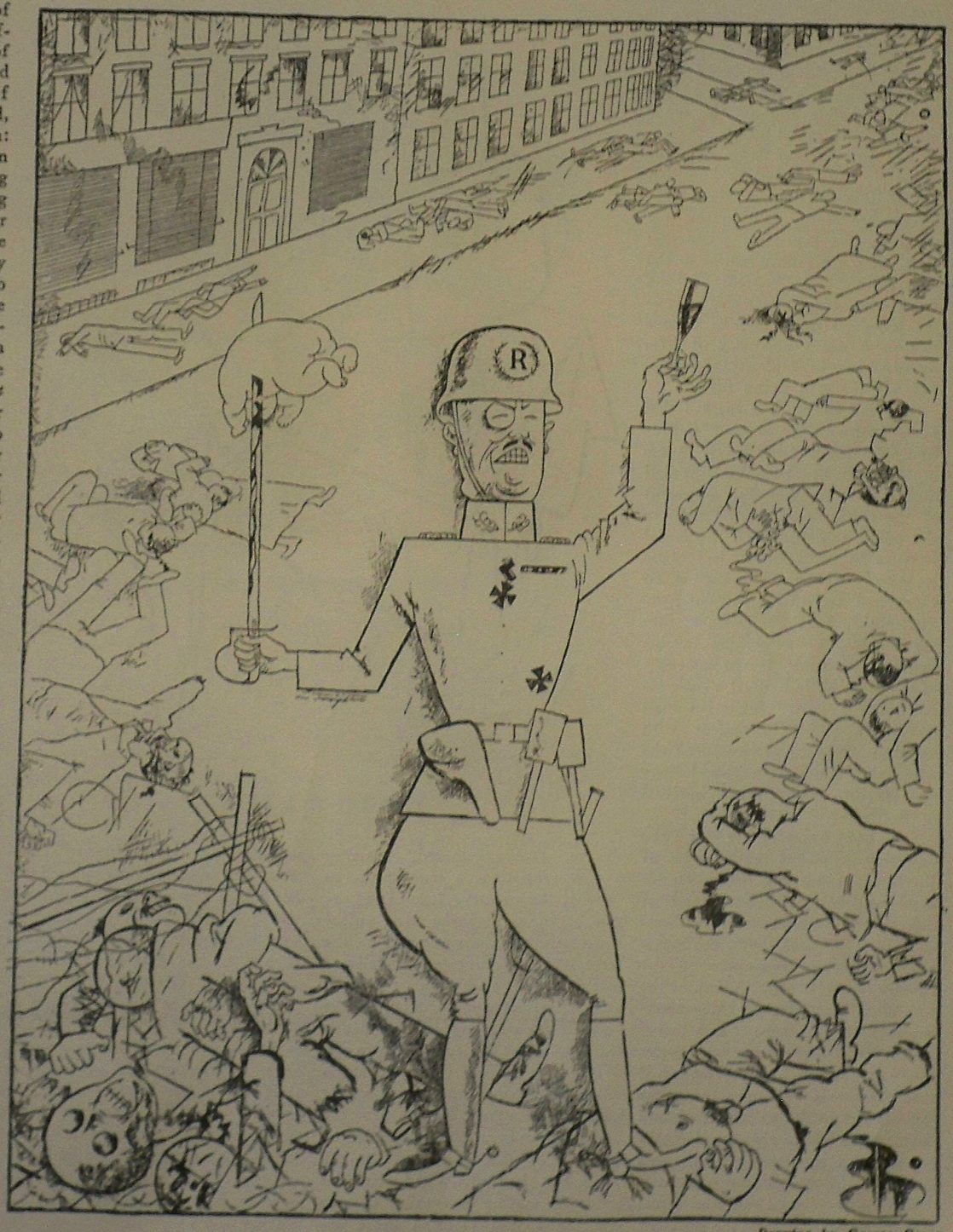
By JULIAN GUMPERZ

The world war marks the rise of a new period in German intellectualism. The poets—who had been so busy writing nice little verses about the lips and hips of Lulu, the queen of their dreams, singing paeans of praise to God Almighty, as disclosed in every pretty flower, and inditing passionate lines to the beauty and fertility of Mother Nature—were suddenly interrupted in their petty business by the roaring thunder of the battlefields. Those of them who wished to evade being offered up as cannon-fodder, those of them who refused to sing the loud hymns of hatred and imperialism, if they were honest and clear-minded, were confronted by the question: What—in the face of this unforeseen cataclysm, in the face of these dying millions, in the face of a starving nation—is the value of our art, our poetics, our novels, our plays? The artist, who had been so mightily busy with his color problems, or so concerned with projecting the pale vision of his soul upon a bit of canvas, suddenly found himself with a rifle in his hand instead of the magic brushes. The *l'art pour l'art* business had to be closed down for a while, and a clear decision had to be made: whether to fight the war side by side with the ruling class or in some way or other to take a stand against it. Some tried to do this by escaping into the war-remote paradise of a neutral country, into the peace of pastoral Switzerland, where most of them, *au dessus de la mêlée*, soon began to chew the cud of their art problems again. Others, like George Grosz, remained in the country and fought a lone battle against Prussian militarism as best they could, each according to his own lights.

And since the artist in the pre-war period, at least in Germany, was an extremely individualistic fellow, this battle was fought with individualistic methods, by isolated, and on the whole futile, gestures of revolt in the prisons, the insane asylums, the sickrooms and the recruiting offices.

George Grosz in the beginning of his artistic career was an artist very much like the rest of the breed. Raised in a small provincial town of northern Germany, surrounded by small shopkeepers, grocers and landlords, confronted in his early life with the brutality and inanities of the Prussian officers (his mother was in charge of the local officers' clubhouse) he seems to have been vividly impressed with the ugliness, the shabbiness and the senselessness of life about him. "There is no way out!" was the dominant note of his first pictures and of the poems he wrote at the time. He himself says about this period: "I understood at the time that ethic is a lie made for fools, that men are nothing but dirty pigs. Life has no other sense than to satisfy one's appetite for food and women. Soul—there is no such thing! The main object is to procure in some way the necessities of life. Get along, use your elbows—this is disgusting, but it is the only thing to do." Life made him feel sick—a good stiff drink produced the only idealism and romanticism which an ugly civilization could develop.

When war was declared this "elbowing" process grew all the more disgusting, and when Grosz was forced to military service, the only thing to do was to get out of it as quickly as possible. So he punched the first officer who came along in the jaw. His action was considered shocking, outrageous, unheard of! Surely, nobody in his right mind would touch a uniform of the Kaiser! He was put in an insane



Drawing by George Grosz

"Prost Noske! The Young Revolution is Dead"

asylum. In the solitude of his cell he studied the drawings on the walls, which former inmates had designed. Here, and in other places, where primitive and strong sentiments were given intimate expression, Grosz gathered together the elements of his style. The simplicity, directness and sharpness of his drawings show up his subjects in all their sordidness and brutality.

When they brought Grosz out of the insane asylum he again went for the first officer he saw and hit him in the face. Whereupon he was clapped back into a cell, which seemed to him, on the whole, more comfortable than the trenches in France. And I think something of this punch remained in Grosz and his art: his drawings continued to be constant blows in the face of officers, capitalists and all the other profiteers of a brutal society.

The war did one thing more for Grosz: it demonstrated to him that in his fight he was not alone, that there were others fighting the war machine. He began to realize that there were other men hostile to the idea of a "heroic" death for the Fatherland. He learned that outside the bourgeois world and in opposition to it was a new way of life, where there was solidarity, devotion, and a goal worth living for.

The end of the war marked that fiasco known as the German revolution. The real revolutionary forces in Germany had been underground during the war. The only exponent of the radical movement, visible to the public eye, had been the Social Democratic party which had made its peace with the *ancien régime*. So Grosz had to find his particular artistic way out of the dilemma into the highway of a genuine revolutionary movement. It was necessary to submerge his individual artistic revolt in the great proletarian mass movement. The instrument with which he proposed to accomplish the destruction of the old artistic ideology was Dadaism, which Grosz initiated in Berlin.

In the beginning of the year 1919 hundreds of saviors in the fields of literature, music and art were advertising as many different brands of evangelism in the streets, the concert halls, the book shops, the magazines and the newspapers of the country. "See!" they cried, "the revolution is in danger of degenerating into nothing more than a movement for higher wages and better living conditions!" They intimated that there was only one thing for the workers to do: to stop, look and listen when they, the intellectuals, revealed the significance of the red clouds in the sky. Every week witnessed a new spiritual and intellectual revelation. Till out of the ranks of these savior artists rose Dada, as opponent to all this saviorism. Dadaism was a purely artistic negation of contemporary art. Its aim was to destroy the superstition of the sanctity of art. What was the use of Rembrandt and Shakespeare, of all this gothic and classic business, of the outpourings of these pure artistic souls, if they could not produce a fighting reaction against the orgy of manslaughter which the world was witnessing?

The Dada movement in Berlin started with a show in a well-known theatre. People gathered, expecting a new revelation, a new spirit, to conquer the country. Instead: an organ began to play the most vulgar and coarse melodies; someone on the stage started reading gory details of battle from the writings of a well-known war-correspondent out of the bible. It was all so bewildering that an old maid in the audience began to cry. Whereupon Grosz, from the stage, taunted the poor woman with a most amazing harangue. By this time the audience was in an uproar, and vented its rage by throwing chairs at the stage. But the Dadaists had won their point by making everything dear to the sentimental German heart appear ridiculous.

The first public appearance of Dadaism split the artistic groups wide open. Against those who prayed that the "artistic spirit" should save the world were those who believed that the "artistic spirit" was rather unimportant at a time when Hindenburg and Noske were at their work of crushing the revolution.

At this time Grosz began to draw his first political cartoons, which immediately had an immense success: Noske soldiers showed up to smash his flat, judges charged him with blasphemy, with provocation of class-hatred, nationalist papers pointed out that only a Jew would do such nasty work (although Grosz is a hundred per cent German), and radicals hailed him as the first great political cartoonist of Germany.

The revolution had put Grosz in touch with the radical movement and he became convinced that there could be no justification for art except as a weapon in the battle for the oppressed. Later on, a trip to Russia wiped out the last desperate remnants of his early cynicism and melancholia. Grosz has often been criticized by his comrades because he did not do anything constructive. He was asked: Why don't you make drawings glorifying the workers? Why don't you picture the nobility of the revolutionary spirit? But Grosz maintained that during a period of struggle the revolutionary artist has no other choice but to criticize the masters of society, and by constant, bitter ridicule to shock people out of their faith in the superiority of the ruling class.

Das Gesicht der Herrschenden Klasse was his first book of political caricatures. It was immediately suppressed "for inciting to class hatred." As a matter of fact, the "Socialists," who were then in power, were so bitterly lampooned for their surrender to ruling class tactics (pictures such as Ebert reclining luxuriously on the Kaiser's throne and an officer standing on the bodies of slain workers, toasting Noske: "Die junge Revolution is tot!") that they took action against Grosz and his book.

Grosz did not limit himself to political caricature, but found a new weapon in social satire.

In *Ecce Homo*, one of his most famous books, he showed up the everyday life of the ruling class and its satellites as a very sordid and vulgar affair. This book, which was suppressed in Germany, is a terrifically bitter and forceful criticism of the erotic life of the post-war period. It is an X-ray of the lusts and desires which are the leading motifs of a money-worshiping society. The publication of this book added another trial for indecency to his already long record. An incident that occurred at the trial may be worth narrating: in the book Grosz poked fun at a prevalent Teutonic type by representing him clad only in a helmet and a leather apron reaching as far as his hips. This picture induced the judge to ask the artist why he did not add a tiny little piece to the apron to cover the "indecent" part of the body.

In the days before the war Grosz had planned to write a voluminous book about the ugliness of the Germans. *Ecce Homo* reveals his new attitude. It is an authentic portrait not of the ugliness of the Germans but of the deformity of German capitalist society—and probably not only of German but of capitalist society in general. This probably accounts for the fact that Georg Grosz is being looked upon, next to Hogarth, Goya and Daumier, as the world's greatest cartoonist.

Drawing by George Grosz

ENJOY LIFE

BOHEMIA

The Village goes a crooked way
A little cankered at her heart.
She still remembers Ioway
But self-deception is her art.

H. S. W.

THE CLASS WAR IS STILL ON

n the U. S. A.

You who used to call yourselves class-conscious but live now on ountry estates and in suburban vil-s, and have forgotten what the word eans, will be interested to know at the class war is still on. Yes, I now you've been hearing a lot about rporations with souls and human-ed industry and the golden rule d bringing Jesus into the boiler ctory. And about pulling together d team work and facing the day ith a smile and spiritualizing the an element. And about splendid, fty-souled billion dollar brother-ods—known among the vulgar as siness concerns — who take the orker gently by the mit and guide m surely toward the new Jerusalem joint-dealing and stock partici-tion, mutual love, and what they w call an "over-all plant organiza-n" which operates so smoothly be-een men and management that its rations number something like 32,-0 revolutions per minute. . . All which sounds to me like just so uch haywire put out by publicity ys whose motto may be put in the mortal words by Mr. Ivy Lee, "We n never be too careful in the terms e use."

But, as I was saying, the class war still on in spite of the big family ity stuff and the new era in em-oyment relations and the glad hand chnique of the industrial Y. M. A.'s. I have proof of my asser-n in the just-published digest of oceedings of the tenth semi-an-al American Plan Open Shop Con-rence.

This little group of serious em-oyers' association executives met at allas, Texas, a short while ago to vise some strategy for the next six onths. The delegates represented tween two and three hundred in-strial associations—associated indus-es, chambers of commerce, manu-cturers' associations. Their religion the non-union shop. Their Satan the labor union. They believe in Holy War against the infidels here d there who may still believe that organized worker is better than a ssorbill. In short they're a mili-nt lot. They are all for the opaganda of the deed. After these mi-annual inspirational sessions they sh back home to plunge into the ttle for "industrial freedom," as ey call it.

Just what did they do at Dallas? hey reiterated their faith in the en shop as "the keystone to the ch of progress." They formulated ne suggestions as to how the cor-ration can best "sell the open shop the workman," that is, persuade m that the union is no place for m and that the straw boss is his heaven-sent labor leader. To keep the shop immune to unionism, they advise proper sanitary conditions, safety devices (both presumably required by law in most states), and group insurance. Give the worker a one-year renewable life insurance certificate to hold his loyalty. Hang it on him whether he likes it or not. He's your animal. But be decent about it. "Outings, celebrations and gatherings must be encouraged." Bread and circuses.

Drawing by John Reehill

THE NEEDLE TRADES STOMP

But the employer must not remain in the background. He must, like the noble Mitten of Philadelphia, "participate in these affairs." Applaud heartily when the company's Scotch Kilties play before you, Mr. Boss. Encourage the musical talents of your robots. Yes, sir, you must sell yourself to your employes "as a red-blooded he-man, interested in their welfare." Give them a bonus, and explain why you are giving it. Finally, protect the lambs who have committed themselves to your care "against any attempted invasion upon their rights." In the English translation this reads: "Boot out the union agitators."

Of course you may find reds even in high places. "Persistent efforts should be put forth to counteract the influence of foreign countries which are now flooding America with socialistic literature." Don't let that British Labor Party tract fall into the hands even of your foremen. They might get union shop ideas. Keep them clean and strong. "Every subversive activity should be more than paralleled."

Now let us step away from the plant for a moment and regard the open shop crusade in its broader political aspects. We must keep the public office holder in hand and away from the wiles of the state federation of labor. So, "have men in public office join you occasionally at luncheons and dinners. Let them be impressed with the bigness of the movement and the class of people who are back of it." Just banquet those mean and unworthy union sympathies, if they have any, out of their heads. Impress 'em.

You see, most of the unions in the important industries of America with the exception of building and, to a lesser degree, printing and railroading, have been all but liquidated. The campaigns of several years ago drove them out of business. But these cunning union business agents have gone in for legislation, so "the battle ground of the Open Shop will hereafter be largely in the field of legislation and it is to this phase of activity that the industrial association must direct its attention." Here is the sort of bills you must lie in wait for and when you see one coming "crack it in the head"—workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, old age pensions, union wages on public works, minimum wage for women, eight-hour day, child labor amendment, anti-injunction bills, bills legalizing picketing, bills preventing employers from hiring company deputies to brain strikers, bills calling for jury trials in industrial disputes. If you see anything like that coming along you have got to shoot to kill. And, by God, you must train your legislators — they are usually too "timid and supple"—to "discover the *hidden meaning* in all legislation affecting industry."

Now for the press. More important than anything else. "The press is the most potent factor in keeping officials in line." Some newspapers are union shop; some are non-union. When a union shop wants to go non-union this is what employers' associations should do: Keep a "flying squad" of strikebreakers — American Plan Workmen, some folks call them—ready to rush to "any point where needed to meet such emergency." Keep your open shop scabs ready for the call. "The newspapers must know where to turn for help with the assurance of getting it."

And finally the schools. Catch 'em young. And keep the labor unions from getting any representation on boards of education. That is simply fatal. Watch the teachers. Keep them free from "subversive influences." And if by chance you should find a teacher who doesn't believe in the non-union faith, "report should be made to the proper school authorities and the protest continued until the evil is corrected." (We can never be too careful of the terms we use.) As for civics and economics, give the kids the "established, generally accepted principles," let us say A. Lawrence Laughlin or Thomas Nixon Carver. But remember, "these subjects should be taught during the impressionable years. In the Junior and Senior high schools."

Should your community be in the "grip" of the unions just paint for the citizens the picture of the "devastating influence" this has upon all occupations. Be unfailingly vigilant, plan your meetings well, boost the civic spirit, nick the business men for the campaign, organize citizens' committees, advertise, exert a wholesome influence for sound industrial relations, realize that your movement has "far flung dimensions," battle on, boys, and ere long, with the dawn, will come a clean, fine, warm-handed, both-feet-on-the-ground, stirring, singing, inspired and glorious One Hundred Per Cent Non-Union America.

Robert Dunn

In Czecho-Slovakia

Duly elected Communist deputies are on trial. They are charged with "obstruction of legislation on customs duties and concessions to the clericals"—but verbatim reports of the trial are censored.

In Italy

Francesco Cianca, former editor of *Il Mondo*, a liberal paper, was charged with "lack of enthusiasm for Fascist rule" and sentenced to spend five years on the delightful island of Campedusa, described by the London Labor Magazine as follows:

"It is a narrow island ten kilometers long by two broad. Here the political offenders are living with common criminals. Direct accounts relate the terrible conditions in which they are living: dirt, vermin, abominable diet consisting of maize bread and cooked herbs. Dysentery has already broken out amongst the prisoners. There is neither doctor nor medicine. The luckiest of the sick lie on wet straw."

Meanwhile Mussolini has put the finishing touches on his labor program. Shortly after raiding their Milan headquarters, he "won the official support" of the General Federation of Labor (C. G. L.) At the time of the raid the organization was in control of Buozzi, Bensi and Maglione. The first two fled to Paris and set up without mandates or membership what they claimed to be the new headquarters of the Federation. The Maglione faction issued a statement declaring the organization dissolved. The declaration was signed by Maglione and others, including D'Aragona, former head of the C.G.L., but already D'Aragona has denied having anything to do with it. (He is in Paris—he can afford to).

In Hungary

Rakosi, Communist leader, was charged with (and convicted of) Communism. When he appealed his case, the Public Prosecutor charged him also with 283 murders, alleged to have been committed during his participation in the Soviet government of Hungary. The ten year sentence for Communism was upheld, but the massacre charge was dropped.

In France

Twelve year old André Obin got a nine-year sentence for selling copies of *L'Exploité* without a permit. When Poincare was asked, in the Chamber, what the Government was going to do about it, he replied magnanimously, "Make an investigation."

In Germany

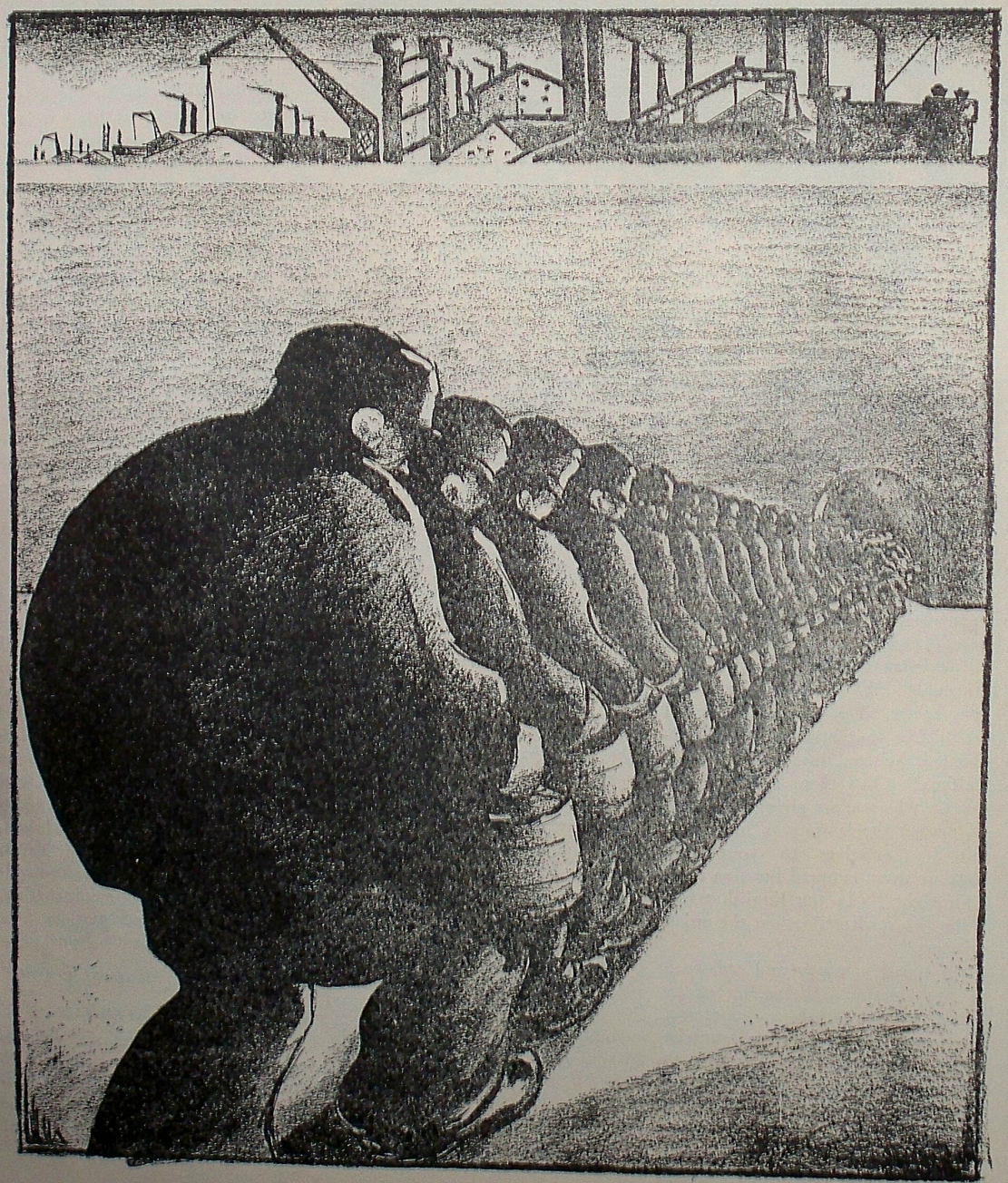
Two employes in a Communist book shop were arrested for selling eleven "dangerous" books. They were charged with high treason, got 10 months imprisonment, and 100 marks fine in the Supreme Court. Among the eleven books was an anthology of verse; and in it was a "dangerous" poem by one Johan Wolfgang von Goethe! This poem is printed in German school b but, as the Court ruled, it is what is actually said but the way interpreted that constitutes crim intent.

Breadlines

All over Europe, the bread lengthen day by day, but no thinks of prohibiting them as " gerous." The German line, w already numbered more than million, is augmented by the out of 150,000 metal worker Saxony. In England the vast of jobless grows more and more less—but the government is trying to limit the power of trade unions. In France, to come the dangers of inflation, Poincare government succeeded i taining a certain degree of stab tion. Result: high prices an stagnant market. Industries are ting down, and the unemployed the streets demanding work or b The government has asked empl to reduce hours to a minimum fore discharging workers. This proves the unemployment sta and keeps down the number of The capitalists use the big stic the unemployment situation t force drastic wage cuts and l hours—and call it "rationaliza The government, by building docks, etc., gets credit for reli the unemployment situation bu getting work done at 12 fra day (40c.) that would otherwis 20 francs. And if the charg true that some of these dock other "public works" are turned over to private concern their completion, unemployme prove most worth while.

Meanwhile, the minister of Affairs has decided to build a two destroyers, one torpedo bo four submarines; and on Ma came the report that the government is planning to seven billion francs on new e and frontier fortifications. Th have some relation to the fa the relief dole is so small as vide only the barest subsisten Hungary, workers who swarme France when conditions there rosy—from a distance—are be patriated as fast as possible, b repatriation depends upon s tory answers, at the Hungarian tiers, to such questions as these you a member of the French munist Party, of the Unitary tion of Labor? If so, what did you undertake and whe not, give the names of ser your comrades and other acquaintances who were memb you belong to any organizati so, why? Did you take part i ments for wage increases? D pay membership fees? *Are ashamed to participate in the zation of the International*

Mary



"Nice day—eh Bill?" "Nice day? What of it?"

Drawing by Art Cuna

Drawing by Jan Matulka

"I see where Babe Ruth draws down seventy thousand a year. That's a lotta jack all right."
"Yeah; us workin' classes is on the up-and-up."

ENCORE – SATURDAY NIGHT

Drawing by Wan

MORNING SONG OF THE PROLETARIAN POE

(He sings sitting up in bed.)
Machines were not made for men but men for machines.
And machines were made for smoke.
Smoke, Steel, Iron, Noise, City, Soil—all are great— but the greatest of these is smoke,
And the stink of smoke.
The luscious ubiquitous bang-up black-ripe fruit of the cities is smoke.

The beauty-whimper, the whimper of souls, is rotten and run-to-the-gutter and gone.
The whimper of souls sighted off the earth when the earth went round the sun in regular order the ninetieth billion time.
That's revolution, Jim! That's something mechanical;
Hot and voltaic and thermo-dynamic, and fit to anoint with the sweat of a twentieth century red-blood heaver-believer in hods and in structural iron!
Out o' your bunk, Jim!
Yank up your yellow feet in the gassy dawn, and out in the slush and the swash and the chill that is freezing the swill of the city at six.
The machines start singing at seven.
Do it over again. Do it over again, Do it over again. Do it over again.
That's the song that will drown the whimper.
That's the song that a he-man loves.

You can't love it greatly, Jim, till it sets you free!
Free from the puny introvert infinitesimal pain of the love of freedom.
The pain of the love of freedom is egg. It is embryo.
The shell cracks back and the adult growth of the egg is the love of smoke,
And the stink of smoke.
Smoke, Steel, Iron, Noise, City—I the Proletarian Poet s these words.
And I speak the word Revolution, the word Machine

I'll put it plainly, Jim.
One jerk of the chain and the beauty of souls goes dow drain for good.
The chain is there. Chain, lever tank, valve, plunger, tubes, sewers—
Subterranean saturate sodgy-triumphal arches of s of cities!
Have you thought of the solid energic repose in the ea the sewers of cities?
That's something indigenous, extravert, ungenteel, re from the boudoirs of ladies,
A citadel under the city, Jim! A refuge there from the b of souls!

If ever the beauty of souls should chase you into the and down in the cellar,
Over the ash-bin, out through the coal-hole, head-first, the alley side-walk,
Just as two beautiful ankles were passing,
Remember I told you this: the ankle climbs to the ca the calf to the knee, and the knee to the thig the thigh—
Be careful, Jim, that's all! The coolest of thighs leads b devious devilish carnal purities,
Noiseless and smokeless and unmechanical lyrical acts body's abandon,
Back to the beauty of souls.

It's a grim thing, Jim, the message I bring you!
Grim as the rock-bound coast of theological old New E sired of the same.
It's easy to work, but it isn't easy to be proletarian.
It means goodbye to the sky, Jim. Goodbye birdies. is no Joke.

Goodbye Indifference, Rain, Autumn, Retrospection, Spring, Solitude, Home-coming—
Why come home in the city—the smoke is everywhere—the city itself is home?
And what has Solitude to add to the socialization of soil?
Why Retrospect when the prospect is pure machine?
Can Autumn improve the air in a button factory, stop for a tick the click-clack-click of a sardine-canning machine?
Face to the proletarian future, Jim! No more of the passing dreams!

No more of the little just unguessable flutter of wind or of wisdom over the drinking pasture-lands in spring.
No more sad sweet thoughts of the pregnant mother printing her naked foot in the sun-warmed grassy earth of a little garden.
No more poignant memories clutching the breasts of the parted brothers, one in Shanghai, one on the Brooklyn ferry watching the tiny jets of steam like millions of flags flung out to the morning sun all over the ghostly buildings.
No more sighs of the red-head sweetheart kissing a Wrigley's spearmint kiss in the late express.

It isn't machine, and it isn't revolution.
The wheels down under that car revolve, and the lover of noise, the hard-brained mole-eared motorman reads Karl Marx, or he should,
And he knows he is driving that sweetheart straight to the catastrophic steel-cold murky sucking crash of the kiss
Of the International Proletarian Revolution!

Don't gaze at the ceiling, Jim—it isn't machine.
And besides it is almost quarter past six, and the great song sings at seven.
Do it over again. Do it over again. Do it over again. Do it over again.
Up man! On with the proletarian music! I the Proletarian Poet give the call!

(He rolls over and goes to sleep.)

Max Eastman

EPISODE OF DECAY

Being very religious, she devoted most of her time to fear.
Under her calm visage, terror held her,
Terror of water, of air, of earth, of thought,
Terror lest she be disturbed in her routine of eating her husband.
She fattened on his decay, but she let him decay without pain.
And still she would ask, while she consumed him particle by particle.
"Do you wish me to take it, dear? Will it make you happier?"
And down the plump throat he went day after day in tid-bits;
And he mistook the drain for happiness,
Could hardly live without the deadly nibbling . . .
She had eaten away the core of him under the shell,
Eaten his heart and drunk away his breath;
Till on Saturday, the seventeenth of April,
She made her breakfast of an edge of his mind.
He was very quiet that day, without knowing why.
A last valiant cell of his mind may have been insisting that the fault was not hers but his;
But soon he resumed a numbness of content;
The little cell may have been thinking that one dies sooner or later
And that one's death may as well be useful . . .
For supper, he offered her tea and cake from behind his left ear;
And after supper they took together the walk they always took together after supper.

Witter Bynner.

A LETTER FROM BAHIA

Well, dear friend——:

Today at 5 P. M. we finally reached Bahia, San Salvador.

We were exactly 18 days under way. And since we left New York till we got within fifty miles of here, we sighted no land, and only two ships.

The sea was from dead calm to a smoking whirlwind of waves a hundred feet high, which went across our decks as though the ship had been a flat board. No, she doesn't ride them at all. She just plows right through, like a mad bull through a hay cock. Anyway, we are here. After 18 days of diving and kicking, we finally sighted again the gorgeous red sand stone, capped with Parrot-green foliage, of the old Bahia's entrance.

We can't go ashore until morning, when she goes alongside pier 7. About the happenings which I told you I 'spected between New York and the "Line", I was not mistaken. Only,

Decoration by Rufino Tamayo

as always happens, things never come out as planned.

To begin with, it came off sooner than I 'spected.

We were a couple of days from the Line, still, when someone snitched our plans to the chief steward. He immediately began to taunt the firemens, so as to have things his own way, and insure our failure.

When I protested his insults to two of the firemens, who were asking for butter, he called me *a name*. Now, he is nursing a black eye and two broken teeth.

I——? I am nursing two swollen knuckles on my right hand, and a teeth-cut in my left.

Well, of course I didn't mean to begin in such a manner. Still, when we found ourselves under way, we decided to see it to the end, right then and there. We gathered, 18 of us, and right up to the Skipper on the bridge we went.

On getting there I found to my surprise that the old man, as far as his authority was concerned, was not the despot which I 'spected to encounter. Nevertheless, he tried to hornswiggle us out of any concession.

He sounded our determination, one by one, and when he found out that without giving in on something, there wasn't going to be *no steam*, he granted some of the demands, following the lines of least resistance. I strove to hold the bunch from accepting none but *concession in full*—our program,—but, he, the skipper, when he noticed the wavering of some of the bunch, he gave in, on another small point. That ended it. They decided to grab what was offered to them, without any further trouble, and went back to work. Yes, personally, I lost as much as they won, all of them put together.

Also, as bargains go—the Skipper insisted, that merely as a matter of form, fulfilling a duty, that I, as the instigator of the "insubordination," they had to keep me as prisoner for 48 hours. "Merely a gesture," he said. So to expiate the bunch's sing, they put me on the "Bar" 48 hours.

No, dear friend, no. It was not as he promised—a *gesture*. I can't say who it was, but I was far from being let in peace while in the dungeon. However, it was only me that suffered it, so enough of it. I'd do it a hundred times, a thousand times again, to see the light of self assertion break in a bunch of my fellow workers' eyes, as I saw for that very few minutes while we were up on the bridge telling the old Skipper that if he wanted to get to Bahia in time, *or perhaps at all*, we was going to get what we was demanding of him.

Wow, it was wonderful, a great satisfaction such as I can't get from no other thing in the world.

Anyhow, badly as the plans worked out, the men, now, have a messboy to carry and serve their meals, as much as they want, they have lunch left for the "grace yard" watch, all the soup they need, and the chief steward has explicit orders to attend to them immediately, between 11 A. M. and 9 P. M. So, what if the steam pipes were leaking (or made to leak) while I was in the Bar? It is cheap at the price. I shall attempt again and again the very same thing, and hurray for solidarity of the working class of the world.

Well, I will close now. I want to watch these Negro boys load tobacco bales for Buenos Aires. Will write you from there again. With best wishes, I remain yours for freedom.

Salud adios,

A—— N——.

RELIEF MAP OF MEXICO

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

In the center holding up the blue brittle changeless sky are the three tall volcanoes, white at noon, pink at sunset, Orizabo, Popocatepetl, Itzaccihuatl. Only Popocatepetl smokes an everlasting cigar of which the falling ash greys the snow of his steep flanks. From the volcanoes, spread patterned with endless checkerboards of century plants, the rimmed plains that are Anahuac, the core of Mexico.

Under the brittle cold sky, under the invariable sun, Mexico City stretches out its gridiron of streets, the green squares full of flowers, the low red vaults and the towers, leaning this way and that, of dusty colonial buildings. On the streets old men with spectacles, young girls, old women in shawls, barefoot children sell lottery tickets, candied cactus and sweetpotatoes, chiclets, cigarettes, lottery tickets, chiclets, lottery tickets, chiclets. In the stores the storekeepers, Gallegos, Catalans, Jews, Germans, Frenchmen, shake their heads over the morning paper. Business is bad, depressed, stagnant. In Sanborn's, tearoom, drugstore, department store, citadel of Yanquilandia, travelling men from the States talk about bad business, scare each other with a new revolution every day, and at last apply to their hopes the healing balm of "eventually we'll intervene."

In the bar of the Regis the correspondents drink and talk about the power of Andrew Mellon, occasionally sniffing at the fire and brimstone that continually emanates from the American Embassy against all things Mexican from tacos to the labor laws.

Along the street shuffles an Indian in old worn-out sandals, a dusty silent man in whitish rags, bowed under a crate he carries by a strap across his forehead. He walks with his eyes on the ground and says nothing. Politicians of all colors go by in pink limousines, purple roadsters, monogramed speed cars.

"In Mexico more people die from worry than from bullets," a man said to me. On the map you can see Mexico being pushed into the small end of the funnel of North America with the full weight of Yanquilandia crushing it down. It's like the pit and the pendulum, the pressure from the North increasing, increasing. And the silent Indian shuffling along bowed under the weight of centuries.

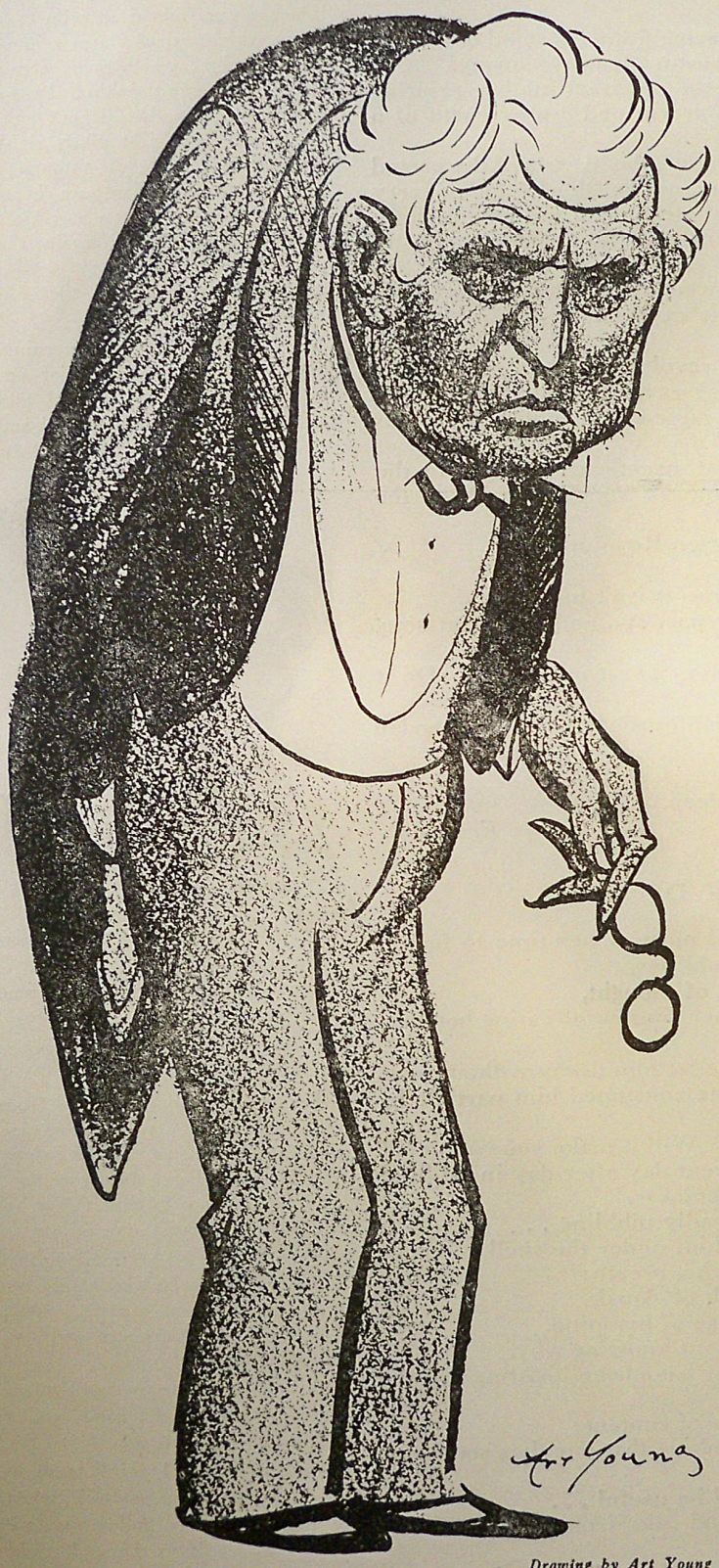
"Mexico is a pyramid," a man said to me, "A pyramid under a pile-driver. The top of the pyramid is Calles, strong enough to stand up under any impact, but under him are politicians and generals, some working and some looting, a squirming mass. Under them the masonry becomes firm again, more than a million organized workmen, the CROM. And at the bottom is the peon with his eyes on the ground."

The churches are open. You can still see country people on their knees painfully dragging themselves across the floor towards the Virgin Who Gives Help. In Guadalupe—Hidalgo a child saw a Face in a treetrunk and they had to call out the fire department to clear the street. Masses and sacraments are bootlegged to the faithful for enormous sums in back rooms. In the hills that rim the valley there are merry men ready to slit throats and purses to the cry of *Viva Cristo Rey*. The *Cabelleros de Colon* are said to furnish them two pesos fifty a day and what they can pick up in the way of livestock from the country people. Saviors arise for the cross and collection box. There was the Prince Pignatelli, last descendent of Cortez, duellist and fascist; he was rumored to be giving the warcry of *Ave Maria Purissima* in Oaxaca, but it turned out that he'd fled to Nicaragua leaving a trail of bad checks. There is the fighting Archbishop of Guadalajara supposed to have taken to the bush in Jalisco. There's a certain Capistran Garza, mighty man of valor before the Lord, who is panhandling American capitalists and the K. of C. and posting up proclamations in jerkwater Texas towns. There's the estimable Adolfo de la Huerta, president in Los Angeles. Then there were all the clericals netted by the police the other day at the archbishop's palace in Mexico City, along with two cursing American newspaper men. Against all that there is the Laborista Government, the CROM, bastard of the A. F. of L., but a pretty lively bastard, even its enemies will admit, certain syndicalist outfits, the agrarian associations, a few communist and the peon with his eyes on the ground.

Give a peon a gun and he becomes an *agrarista*, agricultural banks appear, cooperatives, rural schools. Give Juan Sin Tierra a gun and he becomes a small image of his murdered leader, Zapata.

Fifteen million Mexicans against a hundred and twenty millions, of those fifteen million perhaps five hundred thousand are vagabonds, without visible means of support, two million are wild Indians in the hills. Ten million Mexican peasants and workmen, disunited, confused by political rows, sleeping on a straw mat on the floor, eating off a few tortillas a day and a speck of chile to take away the raw taste of the corn, standing up in their fields against the Catholic Church, against the two world groups of petroleum interests, against the inconceivably powerful financial juggernaut of which Andrew Mellon is gradually showing up as the most conspicuous figurehead with Coolidge and Kellogg as his hard working errand boys.

Which side are you on, on the side of the dollar, omnipotent god, or on the side of the silent dark man (he has lice, he drinks too much pulque when he can get it, he has spasms of sudden ferocious cruelty), Juan Sin Tierra, with his eyes on the ground?



Drawing by Art Young

**Kellogg: Why do they all pick on me?
I only do as I'm told.**

EZRA POUND & ANTHEIL'S MUSIC

Personae, The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound. Boni and Liveright, $3.50.

THE chief irony was perpetrated when Mr. Pound was born, a healthy, red-headed baby, somewhere in Idaho—and christened Ezra. E. P. has never forgiven that. Does a comet forgive the cosmos for attempting to locate it at some given point? Hence E. P. has travelled—how he has travelled! — through time and through space.

Whole continents have spread their riches at the feet of this ravished and ravishing troubadour. Time is a hoop to jump through—not merely because E. P. is an athlete but because there are friends on the other side—Heine, Villon, Propertius, Catullus.

I feel that I must make amends to Ezra Pound. I had read scattered poems here and there. Many of them were obscure and I was inclined to dismiss them as derivative—I wondered what sort of a man could lose his own proper virtue so often to so many and such varied loves. I thought of him as an aesthete and something of a poseur.

Well, I read his book through, understood most of it, and every now and then would find myself digging through Latin and Spanish and French dictionaries for fear of losing the point of a jest or an allusion and helplessly damning his Greek. A poet, a craftsman, a wit, and a rare free companion. I think the essence of Pound is to be found in his friendships: with artists, living and dead, with life in all its manifestations, but especially with life crystallized in the permanent and exquisite forms of art. Somewhere, toward the middle of the volume one finds Pound, the intellectual aristocrat writing this about Whitman:

I make a pact with you, Walt Whitman—
I have detested you long enough.
I come to you as a grown child
Who has had a pig-headed father;
I am old enough now to make friends.
It was you who broke the new wood,
Now is a time for carving.
We have one sap and one root—
Let there be commerce between us.

The amazing part of it is that by the time one has read this far in the volume one is quite prepared to grant the sincerity and even the appropriateness of such a pact. Pound too claims and frequently achieves the immediacy of personal contact between poet and reader which Whitman asserted when he wrote "Who touches my book, touches a man." Pound, too, although in somewhat different accents, is arrogant in his rejection of every responsibility except that of being a poet. "Go, little naked and impudent songs," he writes. "Go with a light foot! . . . Say that you do no work and that you will live forever." And again in another of his frequent adjurations to his songs: "Bring confidence upon the algae and tentacles of the soul. Go out and defy opinion. Be against all sorts of mortmain."

Whitman was a caster out of fears, a breaker of bonds, infinitely demanding and infinitely perilous to all the sterile virginities of the spirit. There is more than a flicker of the same spark in Pound; even something of the same poignant Messianic need of communication. Take this from *Lustra*.

Decoration by Amero

ORTUS

How have I laboured,
How have I not laboured
To bring her soul to birth,
To give these elements a name and a centre!
She is beautiful as the sunlight, and as fluid.
She has no name, and no place.
How have I laboured to bring her soul into separation;
To give her a name and her being!
Surely you are bound and entwined,
You are mingled with the elements unborn;
I have loved a stream and a shadow.
I beseech you to enter your life.
I beseech you to learn to say "I",
When I question you;
For you are no part, but a whole,
No portion, but a being.

I suspect that Pound has been trying to do just that to almost every one he has met in the past twenty years or so. It is his central attitude—the Prometheus attitude. He has been starting fires in every corner of Europe and America, and if all of them haven't burned, it hasn't been Pound's fault. It is possible that he has touched too many causes and too many people, but it is impossible to deny that his touch is creative.

So much for what seems to me the major aspect of Pound as poet and as creative personality. There is also the satirist, the white hope of dull salons, the annihilator of bores. This from *Les Millwin* is a fair specimen of the verse comments with which one of the most distinguished epicureans of our time beguiles the tedium of his exposure to *Les Moeurs Contemporains*:

The little Millwins attend the Russian Ballet.
The mauve and greenish souls of the little Millwins
Were seen lying along the upper seats
Like unused boas.

Much of this material would be trivial if it were not faultlessly distinguished. There is nothing inferior about Pound — consequently there is no sour after-taste to his malice. All his kills are clean.

The volume is long. It includes translations from the French, German, Latin, Greek, Chinese, and what not. A phenomenal linguist, he is also one of the best craftsmen writing in English. For example, one would expect his translations from the Chinese to be better than those of anybody else, and they are.

I am told Mr. Pound has become interested in the NEW MASSES. I don't see why not. I am sure he is a good revolutionist and I am sure the NEW MASSES is—trying.

James Rorty

Antheil, and The Treatise on Harmony, by Ezra Pound. Paris. Three Mountain Press.

For a good many years now there has been the phenomenon of Ezra Pound. Our Flying American. But unlike the Dutchman of the legend, doomed for all his days to beat against the winds that kept him back from home, Ezra has flapped his febrile wings, tail toward us, madly bent for yonder fields afar. It has not been unproductive, either, for now and then, ducking down behind the well-spired Fifteenth century or a Byzantian mosque, Mr. Pound has uttered up a distant Canto, erudite and finely wrought, sent it with a caustic note to an editor together with some generous remarks about a modern young artist or so he had discovered there, and then soared off, in sensitive, nostalgic despair, for some place else, say Bagdad.

This time Mr. Pound, in Italy now, has uttered a book on Music—modern music. *Antheil and The Treatise on Harmony*. A brief book, but typically Pound. Pound, the intellectual experimentalist. With reference to the *raga* and the *tala* of the far off Hindoos. Quotations from authorities in Italian (Perugia, 1666). And a middle part given over to the vitally functioning, advanced George Antheil, the young American musical mechanist in Paris.

Written in quick, shorthand style, and much more readable than the allusive poetry with which the author takes such exquisite intelligent pains, the book is divided into four parts, the Treatise, Antheil, jottings previously issued under the name of William Atheling, (as a London critic) and a Breviary For Composers.

Mr. Pound's musical contribution is a stating of the hardly debatable fact that a "sound of any pitch, or any combination of such sounds, may be followed by a sound of any other pitch, or any combination of such sounds, *providing the time interval between them is properly gauged.*" His belief is that harmony has become a rigid "fence," lifeless and binding, and that too much attention has been given to pitch rather than to frequency—rhythm.

The most interesting sections are the parts about Antheil, and the Atheling notes. The latter, Pound says, he submitted in 1922 to a "qualified musician," so that any general criticism might be separated from merely topical paragraphs. In 1923, he says, "the siftings were submitted to George Antheil with the request that he mark any passages with which he violently disagreed, or which seemed to him too imbecile to be tolerated." Mr. Antheil's comments are illuminating, and even outstacca-to Pound. There is considerable agreement, particularly against the pest of "musical rhetoric," and for the revival of percussion instruments, and where Pound says, "A sense of rhythm covers many defects," Antheil adds, "One might say almost all."

In this, one might think Mr. Pound creatively as well as critically one with the most barbaric moderns. Mr. Pound is always one with the moderns—in recognition—and pats them on the head. That is all. When he is not flying backward, he is flying behind. Not the engineer, but the caboose. The proof is in his own compositions—for Mr. Pound, of late, is also a composer. Of that more later.

The point is, how is Mr. Pound interested in music? Well, how would Mr. Pound be interested in music? Obviously, not musically, warmly, deeply, vitally, sensorily. Music, from both his book and his compositions, is plainly another Intellectual offshoot—tangential like his poetry and his life.

In Paris Pound is surrounded by an atmosphere, two atmospheres. One the "musical rhetoric" distilled from the "sort of pea soup" from which Debussy redistilled a "heavy mist," which the post-Debussians "have desiccated into a diaphanous dust cloud"—truly a sad French atmosphere and one to be avoided as one might avoid that pale mist, French beer. The other atmosphere, the foreign element introduced by Stravinsky and some gusty-rhythmed young Americans. Here, the Percussion Demons. A good drum is worth a dozen fiddles. And past these fellows, with an eye on Stravinsky, Antheil has gone the limit, playing the fiddle behind the bridge, the piano with

Floyd Dell

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"Can the machine process by itself, in America, create communism? Comrade Wood seems to think so. At any rate, the high development of the machine process in America raises that very interesting question.

"To return to the theory of Individualism. It has been observed that people do not *like* to exist as individuals. They seem to be happiest when they can merge their individualities in some larger social group."

The above extracts from Floyd Dell's article suggest the importance of the questions brought up in Charles Wood's unusual book $2.50

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the palm, and to get new sounds from new instruments as well as from old ones (as will be demonstrated by Damrosch this season in New York) he has hauled in electric fans, buzzers, steel plates, amplifiers, and I think both static and modern plumbing.

This is the young man Mr. Pound has Maecenased in his book.

What is interesting is Pound's boosting of Antheil, a person of the times, and then Pound's own music. For, instead of helping heave out old "rhetoric," Pound has added rhetoric of his own.

In an *audition privée* at the Salle Pleyel (question: when is an *audition privée* not *privée*?) at which the Paris critics, press and friends of the composer, including Joyce, the qualified Mr. Antheil, and a couple of hundred others were present, Mr. Pound produced, if he did not play, his own compositions.

He proved his point. Mr. Pound, in the cerebral privacy of his intellect, had written some music. It was not exactly "modern" music. It was not exactly "ancient" music. It was not exactly music at all. It was Mr. Pound's intellectual offshoot, written for the bullbawling of the antique and erudite *cornet de dessus*, a couple of trombones, a clavichord, a violinist and a lusty tenor. Mr. Pound, the chronological recidivist, with that peculiar gesture that has come creatively to be his own, had hitched his music, not to his own poetic creation, but to Mr. Villon's, *circa* 1450, and had achieved a harmony in the manner of tenor notes gamboling above the twenty-bar *sostenuto* of an open G string.

The proof of the song is in the singing: Harmony is a fence. It bound in Brahms. But it can be climbed, say by a modern, however ineffectually, with the staff of Villon's *Le Testament*. The important thing is the melody, even on the antique *cornet de dessus*, and one can do that intellectually merely (however futilely) with one finger —on the piano—it seems, and let one's "qualified composer" of the times, perhaps in the audience, fill in the technical "accompaniment."

Whit Burnett.

WHISKEY, BULLETS, OPIUM

Geneva Opium Conferences: Statements of the Chinese Delegation. By Sao-Ke Alfred Sze. Johns Hopkins Press. $4.50.

AMONG the blessings which civilized Europe has conferred upon its less progressive neighbors, whiskey, bullets and opium occupy a position of rare prominence. In so far as China is concerned, the last of these three advantages of Western culture has played a role of immense importance in the shaping of recent history.

Opium smoking was not a Chinese practice but was introduced from abroad. When its evil effects on the population became apparent, the Chinese government forbade its importation. Britain, the chief of the opium producers (in India), insisted that the importation of opium continue and "the controversies which arose out of the efforts of the Chinese government to protect its own people against a practice that was debauching them was the immediate, if not the sole, cause of" the First Opium War between China and Britain. "As a result of this war, China was compelled to grant extra-territorial rights to the nationals of the Treaty Powers living within her borders and to submit to the dictation of foreign powers as to what goods might or might not be imported into China and the customs dues that might be levied thereupon, with the result that, within a few years, the importation of opium without limit as to amount was legalized."

Alfred Sze was speaking to the First International Opium Conference at Geneva, in the winter of 1924-5. He was stating China's case. Later, toward the end of the Second Conference, Sze made a final appeal to the delegates:

"These powers now stand at the parting of the ways. It is for them to decide whether they will show a due regard for the interests of these people (the Chinese) upon whose labor, as they themselves confess, their economic and commercial prosperity so largely depend, and thus gain the gratitude of the millions of Chinese living in China; or whether they will show themselves regardless of the moral and physical welfare of these, their wards, and thus render themselves liable to the charge that they have not that respect for the welfare of the Chinese which they have for their own people—that they have one law of ethical obligation for the West and another for the East."

Mr. Sze may lay too much stress upon one factor (opium) in the imperial tangle in China, but the Powers were surely at the parting of the ways when he addressed to them these words of warning. Probably even Alfred Sze had no idea how soon the ways were to part, nor how widely.

Opium selling has been a profitable business. From it the British and other business men have made their hundreds of millions. Now they are facing their day of reckoning. They have played a dirty role in a hideous game of debauchery and plunder. No matter what the Chinese may do (and thus far they have displayed the most amazing self-restraint), they

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cannot beat the record which the British and other foreign profiteers have built for themselves in China during the past eighty years.

Mr. Sze is very moderate. He speaks softly. He never presses a point. Not once during these addresses to the Opium Conferences did he rub it in. But behind him are more than four hundred millions who have suddenly realized the possibilities of direct action. Perhaps it is fortunate for Lord Cecil, and for some of the other British delegates to the Opium Conferences, that they are separated from these "backward," opium-scarred, imperialism-plundered people by several thousands of miles.

Scott Nearing

"BIGGER THAN NAPOLEON"

Italy Under Mussolini, by William Bolitho. Macmillan. $2.00.

There is no place like America for Italian Fascism. In no other country of this sad world has it received such a "good press." For more than four years the American newspapers have been flooded by a mass of news, special articles, correspondence, interviews, which have pictured as dominating, superhuman, the absurd, grotesque, mediocre personality of Benito Mussolini.

Americans have been given to see only the violent and exotic colors of carefully staged demonstrations, of magnificent parades, or to hear praised the thundering utterances of the *Duce*, his mad boasting, his brazen lying, his prophetic announcement of the birth of a new, powerful, Roman state—but they have had only a scanty word of the horrible crimes of Fascism and the moral and material misery imposed on the Italian people.

The press reports are daily augmented by enthusiastic eulogies of Amerian travelers—bankers, professors, business men, moving picture stars and authors, who, returning from Rome may be sure of front page headlines, if they relate some magical story of the Italian wonderland.

I do not believe that these good gentlemen and ladies are conscious liars. They visit Rome, Venice, Naples, Taormina, Viareggio, Florence, Montecatini, Siena, Pisa: the famous cities and the beautiful resort places. They sleep in the best hotels, eat in the most celebrated *trattorie*, go to the theatre, enjoy the opera, the good wine, the spiced Italian food, the blue sky, the cabarets, pictures of Rafael and statues of Michelangelo; they talk with the typical representatives of the new regime, they find smiling satisfied courteous people who tell them wonders about Fascism as the savior of a ruined bolshevik Italy. Finally, if they are lucky, and the prominent ones always are, just before leaving, they are accorded the thrill of an audience with "*Il Duce in persona.*"

Mussolini is, without a doubt, an amazing press agent. He has a veritable genius for American advertising. Barnum could have learned something from this Latin mountebank. With what gracious condescension the great dictator receives the American tourist! He does not know a word of English, but he smiles, and offers a big photograph of himself upon which he writes in English—always the same words:

"*Tenacity! Courage! Energy!*
"*America is a great country!*
"*Italy is her loving sister!*"

And the awed American tourist comes out of the imposing Palazzo Chigi, completely sold. Even a man like Irving Cobb, who makes a living by his sense of humor, having exchanged half a dozen misunderstood words with Benito, proclaimed to the New York reporters, "Mussolini is bigger than Napoleon."

Such illustrious travelers are not able to see the true Italy. They are not allowed to approach the common people, they cannot go into the factories, into the small towns and villages. How can they know the feelings and thoughts of forty million men and women, of every class, who are compelled to hide their innermost emotions?

It would be exceedingly dangerous to "spy" out the Italian conditions—dangerous and almost impossible. For the people are terrorized. A single word of criticism brings arrest and imprisonment and persecution.

William Bolitho is the one American newspaperman who has pierced this veil of silence, who has succeeded in seeing things as they are, and who has had the courage to report his findings. These he put into a series of articles, *Italy Under Mussolini*, now made available in book form by Macmillan.

Mr. Bolitho punctures the Mussolini windbag. He discards all the heroic legends invented by hired press agents about the origin of Fascism and the personality of the premier. He gives us the first unvarnished and historically reliable story of the black shirt uprising, tells the fantastic story of how a firebrand Socialist agitator became a dictator of the bloodiest Capitalistic reaction in history.

Mr. Bolitho shows what a heap of bad smelling garbage and filth are accumulated behind "the frontage of Fascism, so solid and high, built specially to hide many things that are interesting the world."

Vincenzo Vacirca.

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WHAT EVERY POET KNOWS

Science and Poetry, I. A. Richards. The New Science Series. W. W. Norton. $1.00.

I remember once sending a group of poems to a magazine with a forwarding letter to the editor, whom I knew, in which I urged that he might just as well print poetry instead of the pink and sticky verbal cosmetics to which his sheet was addicted. His readers, I insisted, would never know the difference, whereas I could use to advantage the $4.59 which he was accustomed to pay for such efforts.

He replied that he could make neither head nor tail of my poetry but that he liked my letter and wished I would expand it into an article for him. I answered: "Oh, hell, if you can't get me in poetry why imagine that you can get me in prose?" About six months later, however, I relented, reflecting that a cent a word was a cent a word, and there was no reason why I shouldn't exploit his folly to the tune of two or three thousand words. I sent him the article and it promptly came back. Sorry, he wailed, but it was still poetry to him.

The next day I went out into the country, picked thirty quarts of blueberries and sold them on the highway for twenty cents a quart. Twenty times thirty equals $6.00. Progress, at last. Greatly encouraged, I wrote a thousand words of flattering tribute to a certain brand of cigarettes and sold the dirty lie to the manufacturer for $50. It made me a little sick, and as soon as I recovered I hastened to write some more poems—one about the blueberries, one about the editor, and a third about the cigarette manufacturer.

Meanwhile my editor friend continued his frantic quest for enlightenment. Six months later his magazine published an article by an earnest student who had never written any poetry, knew nothing whatever about it and proved it up to the hilt in four thousand words of unexampled fatuousness.

All this may appear to have little to do with Mr. Richards' book but it serves to develop my thesis, which is that poetry, like science, can employ to advantage the honest day labor of the populariser. Mr. Richards is just that. Fortunately, he is a brilliantly able populariser who knows a good deal about poetry and a good deal about science. In a hundred small pages he says what every poet knows and proves that he knows every time he writes a line of genuine poetry.

Science and poetry have nothing to do with each other, says Mr. Richards. Of course. Whoever said it had, except a few inferior scientists—the clerks of science, as Herbert Spencer put it—and a lot of prosy dodos who are equally ignorant of poetry *and* science? Neither has poetry anything to do with religion. Right again. Who ever said it had except the imbecile theologians who print excerpts from *Hiawatha* on the Christmas cards they send to their parishioners?

Poetry, from the point of view of the lay reader is simply vicarious experience—the organized, liberated will to live, equally disentangled from facts and belief in facts. People need it, whether they know it or not. They'll continue to have it forced down their throats by the poets, whether they want it or not.

Mr. Richards wants it. He even understands it. In fact, I think he is one of the best critics now writing. He writes so intelligently that even poets can bear reading his book—so intelligently that I am afraid only a small section of our great democratic American audience, whether proletarian or bourgeois, will be able to get beyond the first chapter.

Poetry, opines Mr. Richards somewhat apprehensively, *may* have a great future. You bet. So has life on the planet—in fact they are coterminous.

To give Mr. Richards proper credit, he does his best to make this obvious identification of poetry with life. It is a vigorous, sophisticated best, and one is grateful to him for doing it.

James Rorty.

HAND-PICKED

January Garden, by Melville Cane. Harcourt, Brace and Co. $2.00.

MELVILLE CANE is a member of Marianne Moore's small but hand-picked seraglio of younger Dial poets, which is trying to make America safe for the Best in literature and art. He is a pretty fair poet as poets go, with a certain pleasant competence. His is a world that is ingeniously simple, being apprehended largely on the plane of the primary senses. Of the larger world, disturbed by intensities of despair and joy, by social changes, by disasters, loves, duplicities and fevers, the electric chaos of everyday—of this world Melville Cane seems discreetly unaware. He continues to sing simply and at times with a sly quasi-ingenuousness of *Snow Toward Evening, Along Any Lovely Road, August Noon, Beginning to Rain, Cows, Crows, Clouds, Fireflies, Gulls, Fog*, etc. It is all quite charming.

A. B. Magil

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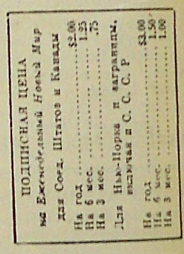

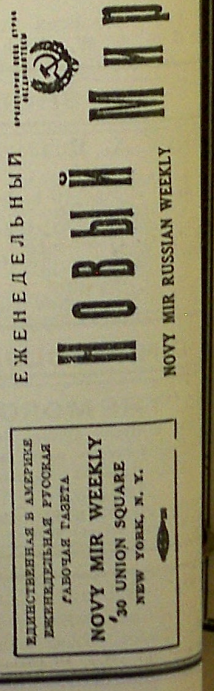

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TWO THRILLERS

East Side West Side, by Felix Riesenberg. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. The Pool, by Anthony Bertram. Doran. $2.50.

THE first of these offerings is not unlike a faded charmer seeking rejuvenation in the mechanical and almost exploited devices of the present day. Much of it might have been written by Horatio Alger, after a dip into *Manhattan Transfer*. For it is nothing short of genuine, old-fashioned melodrama, adorned with such obvious cliches as:

"Fireful, alluring, magnetic city of lies. Home of harlots, preachers, princes, janitors and housewives. Wicked, noisy, rich and cruel. . . . City wrought in flame. . . City of moon faces, city of beauty, city of twilight babies. . . City of outrageous torts. Chromos and chromosomes. City of faulty metabolism. . . . Dress-suit city, for hire and for keeps. . . . City of the *Book of Life*. . . City of the Spirit Everlasting! . . . City building, building for the Lord!"

Mr. Riesenberg devotes whole paragraphs, sly chapter-endings and two detachable sections of his story, described as *Indictment* and *Apologia*, to this sort of thing. But though one does become a bit weary of such heavy insistence on a much-overworked theme, that is not the chief fault of the book. The modernisms with which he seeks to revive his story (passable, perhaps, for something more suited to them) do not fuse completely into its general character; the face-lifting is too apparent; the paint does not adhere. A tempestuous, highly romantic plot is ever at variance with what we are told repeatedly is its central spirit, and the author's epic padding, instead of explaining, merely adds a sentimental and not very harmonious undertone to the struggles of his characters.

The life of a natural son of one of the first families developed by a youth on the Bowery, and a meeting with his real father, who, out of remorse and a genuine liking for the fine manly traits of our hero, puts him through a course in Civil Engineering, from which he graduates with all the honors at the disposal of the author's romantic powers; a Titanic disaster leading through the necessary complications to the still more necessary happy ending—all this makes too good a best seller to be ruined by the author's fanatic devotion to the background of his tale. Mr. Riesenberg ought to be willing to take the cash and let the credit go.

Mr. Bertram, on the other hand, does not seek to raise his story up to the conditions of the newer lyricism; in that respect, troubled and hysterical as it is, it is better balanced. The plot is frankly up to the best standards of the "penny dreadful," unconfused by cosmic, or metropolitan explanations; it ventures no farther than its scope. Rosie, the little cockney heroine, is just another girl with a soul above her environment, hampered, inarticulate and groping. The inevitable seduction follows, from which, by some contrivance on the part of her creator, she emerges with a clearer vision—and a husband. Bald and ancient as the idea undoubtedly is, there are many places where fine writing, of a purely melodramatic sort, might have restored it to something like its pristine vitality. But Mr. Bertram does not pretend to smooth out a single wrinkle. He has missed, it is true, most of his opportunities, but, be it said to his credit, he has devised no false ones.

Avis Ferne

SCIENCE OUR SANCTUARY

The Chimes, by Robert Herrick. Macmillan. $2.00.

THE scientist, rather than science, is one of the dominating illusions of our age. He bridges the gulf between the middle ages and the future; a priest, he officiates at the mysteries of the Most High; a superman, he stands alone on the rocky island of his security. It is not possible for the public to know what each of the members of this multiple priesthood is doing, and it is not important. What is important is that the fire at the foot of the altar should receive fresh tinder.

Robert Herrick joins Mr. Lewis and Mr. De Kruif in supplying the tinder. In *The Chimes*, which is supposed to be a novel of life in a middle western university, Mr. Herrick has two important protagonists, the scientist and the aesthete. The aesthete is a good portrait; one concludes that it is to some degree a self portrait. Like Claverly, Mr. Herrick came to the University of Chicago thirty years ago from Harvard and the eastern tradition, and like Claverly, he found himself engulfed, not too unwillingly, in the enthusiasm of this middle western country, which was ugly, but on the make. Claverly, being a professor of literature, continues to teach literature for thirty years, but being sensitive and perceptive, he realizes that his attempt to make literature a focus for all of human life is a failure. He realizes this especially during the war, while the rest of his colleagues are allowing themselves to be glorified by government jobs. Having gotten himself into the war early,

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as a war correspondent, he also withdraws early from the racket, in silence, indifference, and disgust. The scientist of Mr. Herrick's *Chimes* is Claverly's alter ego; he is everything that Claverly wishes to be. Although the scientist hacks away at his job all day and most of the night, although he allows his wife to go insane because of neglect, and his children to wander about without attention, he can still say without much irritation "Fifteen years' work gone to pot. I've been on the wrong track. Let's go out and play billiards." One man knows all about life vaguely, the other knows a mole hill intimately, and in these two figures are reflected the difficulties of modern thinking, whether inside or outside the university.

The Chimes is an irritating book, because it has many themes, no one of which is boldly and fully developed. It is not worth reading either for organization or style, but Mr. Herrick says, both directly and by implication, some excellent and illuminating things about the American university as seen from the point of view of a faculty member, who belongs among the larger and more visible fish in the pond. He says, for instance, that in Europe artists and universities are tolerated unquestioningly, because they are a tradition, and that it is a question whether it will ever be possible to sell the species, university, to the American business man. He also says, at least by implication, that no full-blooded woman should marry an academic man.

Chimes is at best a note-book, or an incomplete memoir. Mr. Herrick could, I think, have done one of two interesting things with his material. He could have sold to the *Saturday Evening Post* the epic of a great university made, Sears, Roebuck fashion, overnight, or he could have told the truth about himself. Telling the truth, and whispering the truth in a hoarse cautious aside are two very different things. Mr. Herrick whispers, and if I have heard him correctly this is the purport of his remarks: You see, I cannot betray my class or myself; I cannot say what pifflers we second-rate academicians are, who are supposed to know something about life, because we have knowledge, and who don't know anything. But you see, don't you, how pathetic we are? After all, even if I don't come right out with it, I want someone to know.

Perhaps some day a very competent novelist will do Mr. Herrick justice. In the meantime, Mr. Herrick's portrait of a rather fragile but lovely creature is not wholly lost for anyone who can read between the lines. One knows that when Mr. Herrick has Claverly urge his students to study science rather than literature, he does so because science affords a surer sanctuary against the world. For Mr. Herrick, science has successfully replaced religion, and the university the monastery. Mr. Herrick does not take his reader into the scientist's laboratory. He does a far more potent thing: he makes him feel that when the scientist retires to his laboratory, he becomes a workman in the great cathedral of Truth, that the work of even the humblest individual is not lost, that thousands of years from now, the building will still be going on, and that in the laboratory—and nowhere else in America—the soul may find her mistress and the workman his everlasting alliance with eternity.

Winifred Raushenbush

"CAN'T RECALL THE NAME"

A Victorian American. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, by Herbert S. Gorman. Doran. $5.00.

To a biography of Longfellow the biographer of James Joyce brings a finished style, sound evaluations and appreciations within the subject, and a wealth of scholarship. Granted, however, his subject is, as the title announces, the Victorian of American letters, what more is there to say? Is it essential that the mountain labor—that we be given extended surveys of his forebears, relatives and environment — when the man did not do a single thing that would mark him as extraordinary, as deeply interesting in his own right? What is there in his life that his poems do not express—an elastic optimism, a preachy vein, a sentimental turn gilded with facility and romantic learning, and dedicated to the great cause of making the American back-farmer tolerant of culture a la Adelbert Chamisso and appreciative of rhyme? In spite of felicities of language, three hundred sixty pages make slow reading here, when Mr. Gorman needs only his dramatically set quotation from the philosopher who had lost his memory: The mourners at Mount Auburn bowed their heads solemnly. "Ralph Waldo Emerson standing feebly by his daughter, lifts his vacant eyes. 'I can't recall the name of our friend,' he murmurs to a mourner beside him, 'but he was a good man.' "

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ANGEL ARMS

She is the little pink mouse, his far away star,
The pure angel in his sleep,
With skirts blowing back over sculptured thighs,
And knees that are ivory, or white, or pink,
Pink as the little pink mouse, his far away star,
The pure angel in a deep dream, his lonely girl.
She was going to be Feldman's girl, some day.
No damn immoral scum would ever kiss her mouth,
No damn black field would ever stain her thighs
With a touch, or a glance,
Or dare to think of them,
Not even Feldman,
She was so clean, she was so strange.
She was so pure. She was so clean.
She was a little pink mouse
Squeaking among the rubbish and dried tobacco juice of black alleys,
A blazing star among dirty electric lights in warehouse lofts,
A Bible angel smiling up at him from a starched bed
Telling him to be a good, pure Feldman.
That's what he was!
That's what he was . . .
Did they think he was a woman-faced roach.
Or a walking cuspidor, with his girl a bottle-fly
Buzzing on the rim?
Did they think he was a hunch-backed yellow poodle
Yipping under the wheels of red engines that squawked through streets?
Some day he was going to kill all the morons,
Be applauded by crowds,
Be cheered by the gang,
Be smiled upon by his little pink mouse,
The far away star, his pure angel
With her skirts blowing back over sausage thighs.
She was going to be Feldman's girl
Hand in hand, heart joined to heart,
A new day dawned,
Happy, and sweet, and sunny, and pure.
Some hot summer night
When the city trembled like a forest after battle
And Feldman's brain was an iron claw,
She would drop from an "L" train
Sliding through the sky like a burning snake,
And give him the wink, and he would come along, he would come along.
He would come along!
She is the little pink mouse that whispers "Coo-coo! Feldman!"
A touch-me-not star,
His smiling angel with her soft angel arms
Jerking the barbed wire caught in his bones.

Kenneth Fearing

WE MUST BE ONE

Drops, unwitting, come from sky as one, when a million of them merge and fall to earth in unison there's rain:
Unknowing, careless of resistance, cool, it sweeps the smoke and dirt of cities into nothingness;
It drenches skins; from there it soaks into the marrows of the bones, with clean and healthful water—life.
The masses must be rain. Yet not unwitting live alone but knowing feel their kinship and, as a mighty maelstrom, tear down old barriers from life.

David Gordon

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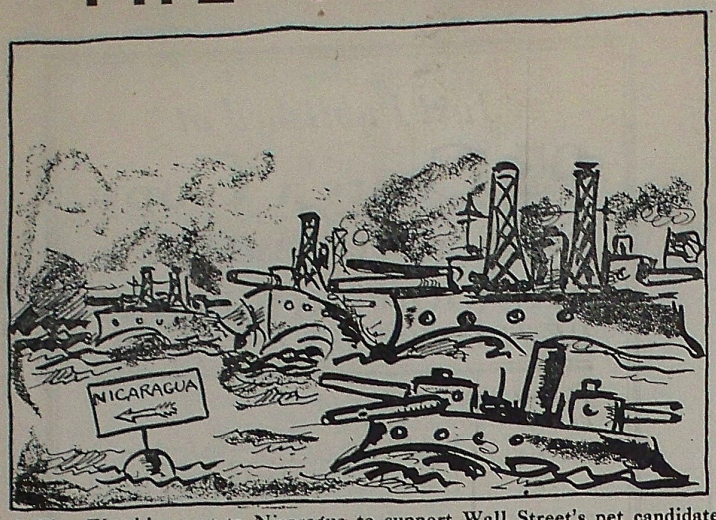
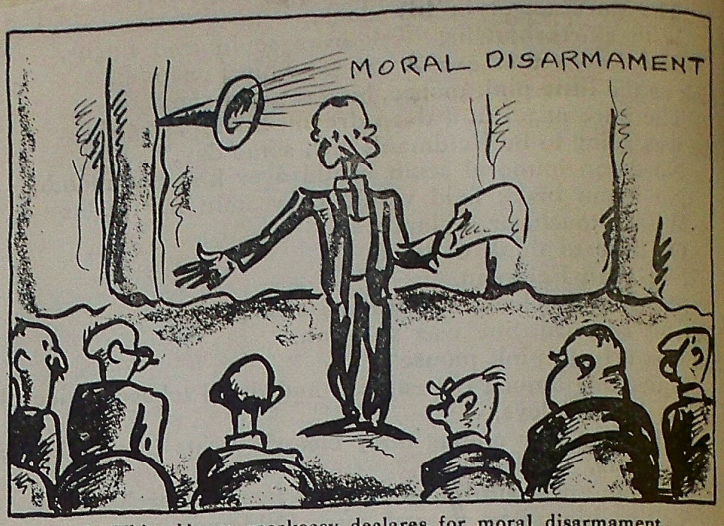
THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

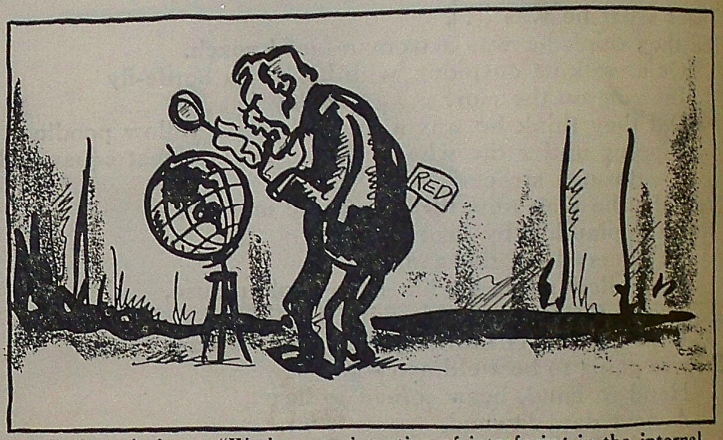


1. Five Warships sent to Nicaragua to support Wall Street's pet candidate for President.



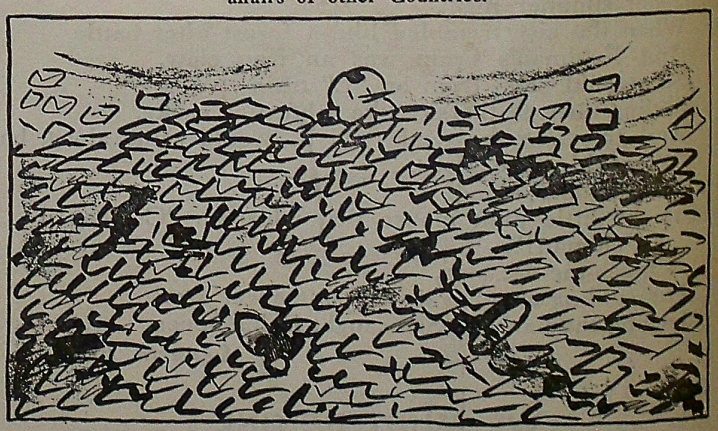
2. White House speakeasy declares for moral disarmament.

3. Admiral Latimer reports from Nicaragua: "The situation is well in hand!"



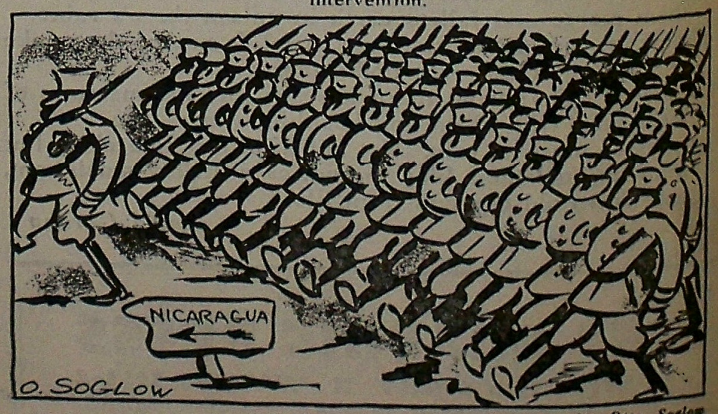
4. Kellogg declares: "We have no intention of interfering in the internal affairs of other Countries."

5. Congressmen, prodded by constituents, protest against our Nicaraguan policy.



6. Coolidge is smothered with telegrams and letters opposing intervention.

7. Press and public celebrate the victory of public opinion.



Drawings by Otto Soglow

8. 5400 marines now in Nicaragua, 1400 more on the way.